



Ludwig Richter The Story Artist

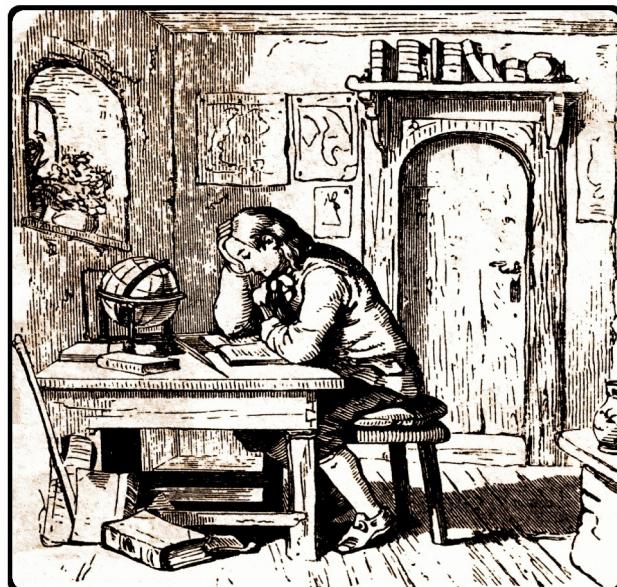
by Martin Brockhaus



His art illustrated over 150 books.
Now his drawings will tell his story.

Ludwig Richter: The Story Artist

By Martin Brockhaus



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Important note: In this book, Ludwig Richter's comments are *italicized* and translated from his German-only autobiography titled *Lebenserinnerungen eines deutschen Malers* (*Life Memories of a German Painter*). The translation has been paraphrased and altered for clarity, brevity, and/or to add additional information like a date or location.

This book uses the art created by Ludwig Richter, his friends, and artists he admired to tell his story. Many of the pictures have been altered (colored, cropped, cleaned up, etc.) to help enhance the story.

This book was written so that it can be enjoyed by younger readers as well as adults. Now travel back to 1803 Europe for the remarkable life of ***Ludwig Richter: The Story Artist***.

Ludwig Richter: The Story Artist

September 28, 1803—June 19, 1884

Introduction



Drawing by LR—Ludwig Richter; colored by the author

During the 1800s there lived a German artist whose prolific drawings for children's stories, travel guides, calendars, sheet music, and novels were well known and loved throughout Germany and much of Europe. His name was Ludwig Richter.

A grandmother is telling a story to the little children. The story is a folk tale about a fairy princess and her loyal subjects. All the children are listening closely to the grandmother except one. A little girl is standing off to the side and pointing to the initials LR. Who is LR?

Childhood: School, Comet, and a War—Age 0–16



Adrian Ludwig Richter

*“Guten Tag, mein Name ist Adrian Ludwig Richter.” Good day, my name is Adrian Ludwig Richter. I was born in Dresden, Saxony, on September 28, 1803. I was named after my father’s good friend Adrian Zingg. Professor Zingg is a serious man and respected artist. However, I’m best known by my middle name, Ludwig. My father, Carl Richter, earns his living through etching and engraving landscapes as well as teaching art at the Dresden Art Academy.*¹

My dear mother, Johanna Dorothea Richter, was busy taking care of her family in an age before many modern inventions.²



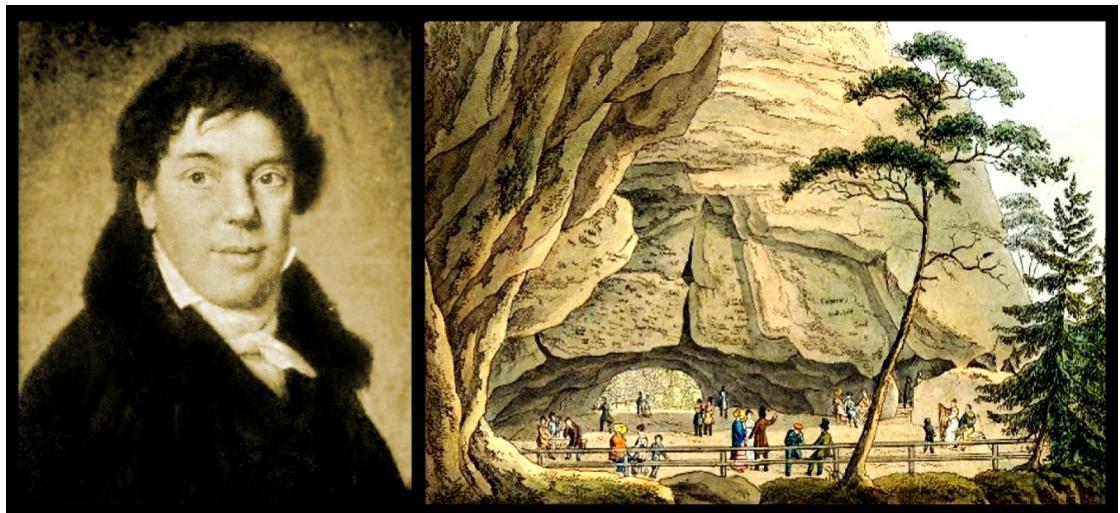
Johanna Dorothea Richter



Scene of a young mother and her children by Ludwig Richter (look for the letters “LR”)

¹ Dresden Art Academy still teaches art today and welcomes visitors to its museum.

² Ludwig’s family had to do without cars, TV, radio, computers, phones, modern medicine, electric; washer and dryer, dishwasher, vacuum cleaner, microwave, refrigerator, etc.



Carl Richter and one of his prints



Painting by and portrait of Adrian Zingg

In 1803, Germany was a confederation (association) of small, irregular-shaped nations called duchies, electorates, or kingdoms.

The German Confederation would dissolve and be reconstituted several times during Ludwig's life.

In the year Ludwig Richter was born, life expectancy was 40 years, the United States ratified the Louisiana Purchase, and Napoleon ruled France. Beethoven began composing his Third Symphony that year, and in North Africa Muhammad Ali was consolidating power and would go on to be the founding father of modern Egypt.



Napoleon Bonaparte by Louis Leopold Boilly; Ludwig Van Beethoven by Christian Horneman; Muhammad Ali by Auguste Couder.

Today we can look at countless great paintings and sculptures in stores, on television, and over the internet. Seeing so many can make them start to seem ordinary. Back when Ludwig Richter lived, if a work of art wasn't at a local cathedral or gallery, you would have to purchase a black and white print, if it was available. Or you would have to travel by foot, horse, or carriage many days or weeks to where the painting was exhibited. Many people couldn't afford to do either. Those who did so were likely much more in awe of great art than we are today, because of the rarity of seeing it.



At the age of three I picked some flowers and boldly set out for my grandfather's house to deliver them. Soon I was lost and wasn't found and brought home until late after dark. My grieving mother had imagined the worse.

When I began school, my parents hired an older boy named Gabriel to make sure that I got to my destiny safely. This did not turn out well for me. One day, Gabriel gave me three gray pussy willows to eat, saying,

"Those who eat them get no fever or neck pain all year, and it's a sin if you don't eat it." I didn't see a need to ingest these furry things. But no pleas helped and so, with many tears, I choked down all three. Later, when Gabriel made me steal sheet music, my parents found out and Gabriel was no longer employed as my escort to school.



After school, Ludwig and his classmates were marched over to the Catholic *Hofkirche* (cathedral) for Mass.

Engraving of *Hofkirche* in Dresden by Carl Richter, Ludwig's father.

I thought the religious education was flawed. There were the dry definitions that I didn't understand. I had no interest in the three cardinal virtues, the seven deadly sins, the church edicts, and the like.

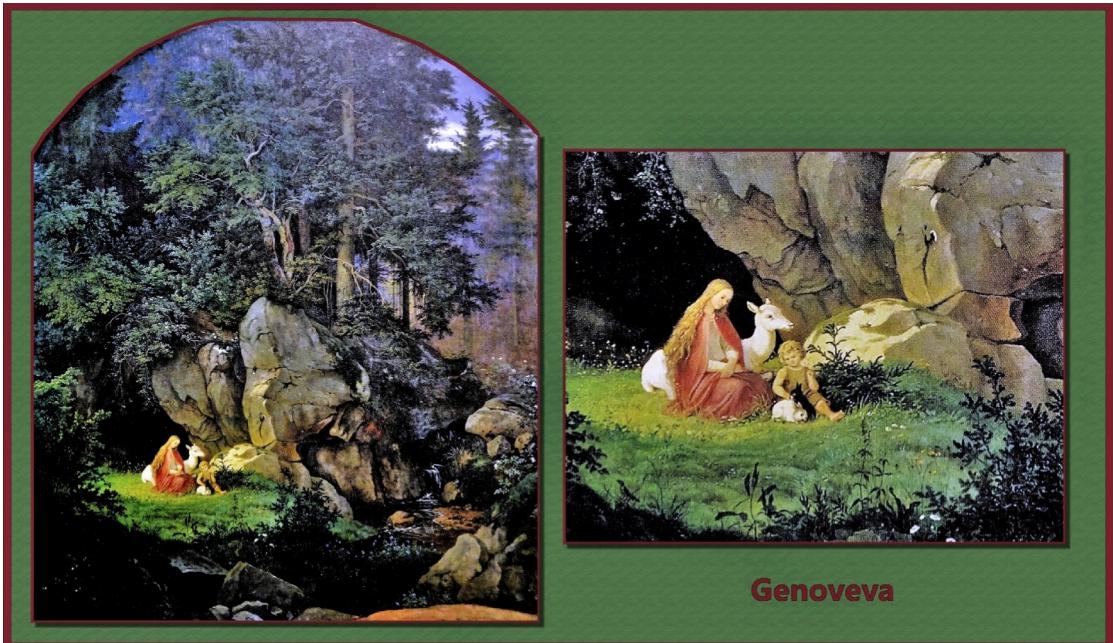
Instead, I spent most of the time staring at the large altarpiece painting by Anton Mengs. The transfigured expression of Christ and the beauty of the whole heavenly appearance seen every day for years settled deeply into my soul.



Closeup of the Altarpiece in the Dresden Hofkirche by Anton Mengs; photo by the author.

One day in church, young Ludwig read the tragic tale of Genoveva, which moved him to tears. This was a heartbreakingly tragic story of a good woman falsely accused of infidelity and sentenced to death. However, she escaped into the forest with her child and was

miraculously provided for by a deer. This story became the subject of later paintings by Ludwig.



Genoveva

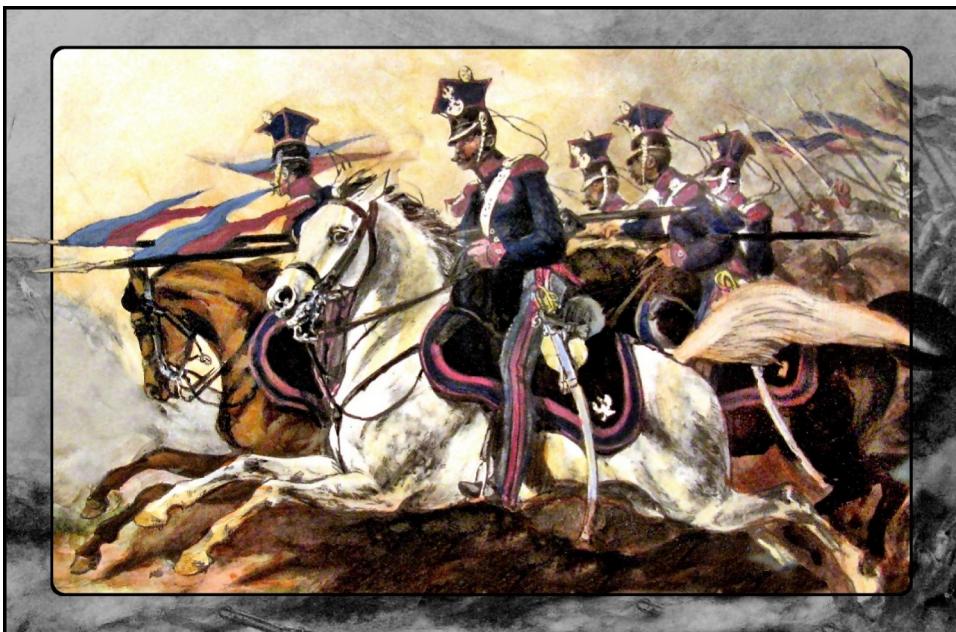
Genoveva by Ludwig Richter

In 1806, when little Ludwig had gotten lost picking flowers, Napoleon's armies defeated Prussia, the largest state of the German Confederation. As a result, many German states including Saxony were consolidated into the Confederation of the Rhine, with Napoleon as the protector who demanded soldiers and supplies. The confederation lasted until 1813.

On the eve of Pentecost, I went out with my father to see the arrival of French troops.³ After an hour, we heard the rattling of drums and marching of regiments. We saw the magnificent Polish Uhans [cavalry]. Especially wonderful were the proud Egyptian warrior slaves, the Mamelukes. The emperor Napoleon was in a carriage with his wife. This dreaded demonic man of Europe had

³ Pentecost is a Christian holiday that falls on the seventh Sunday after Easter and celebrates the disciples of Jesus receiving the Holy Spirit from God.

shaken up everything, and Germany sighed under his despotic fist. His ego was the world and things around him only numbers.



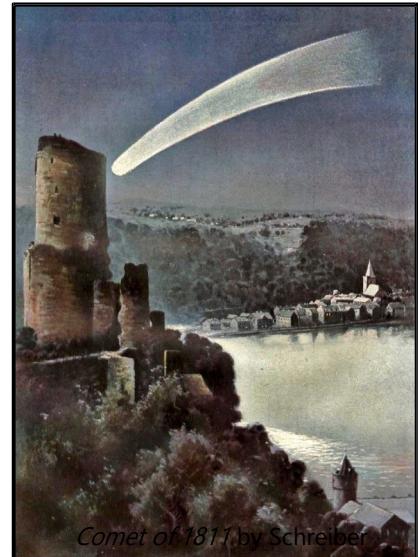
Charge of the Polish Uhlans by Juliusz Kossak



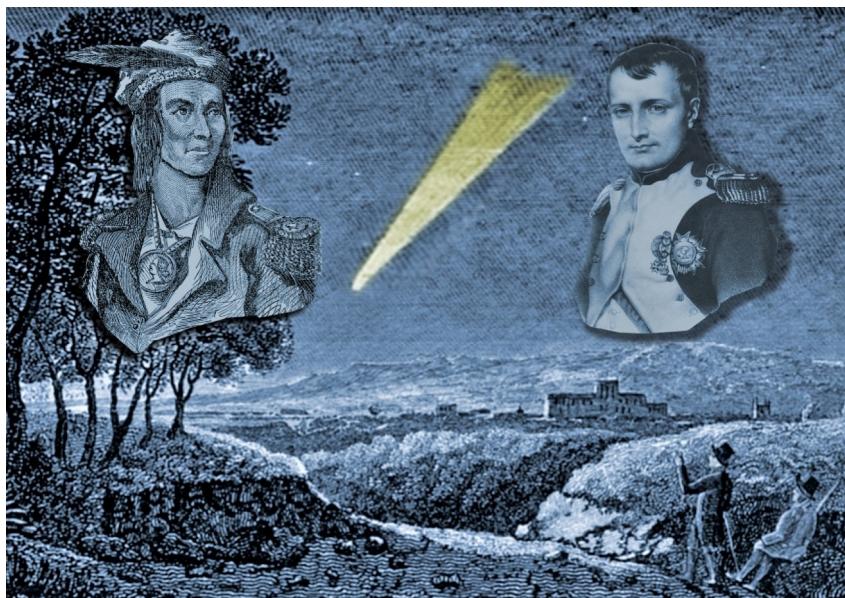
Charge of the Mamelukes by Francisco de Goya. Mamelukes were Muslim warrior slaves. However, a Mameluke could rise in military rank and become a sultan (ruler).

*On a sultry summer evening in 1811
my father took my hand and led me to
the street, saying, "You'll see the
comet." A big star with a long tail of fire
was above our heads and shone eerily
above the darkened houses.*

The comet of 1811 is thought to have a tail one million miles long and is expected to return in 3,065 years. In North America the followers of Shawnee tribal chief Tecumseh and in France the followers of Napoleon Bonaparte viewed the comet as a sign of great things to come for their leaders. Instead, what followed was death and disaster. In 1813, Tecumseh was killed. The various tribes who united to fight for their way of life under his command disbanded. In June 1812, Napoleon invaded Russia with 650,000 men and left Russia in November with only 27,000 survivors.



Comet of 1811 by Schreiber



*Chief Tecumseh by
Benson Lossing;
Napoleon Bonaparte
by Franz Eybl;
Comet of 1811 by
Pether*

Despite being the cause of so many deaths, Napoleon obtained more troops to battle the Prussian, Austrian, and Russian armies trying to defeat him and liberate the German states. In August 1813, Ludwig Richter witnessed the Battle of Dresden, where 48,000 men were killed, wounded, or taken prisoner.



Closeup of *Battle of Dresden* by Carle Vernet and Jacques Swebach.
Ludwig watched the battle from the city in the background.

The battle began and I ran quickly up the stairs to the attic, where my father was. We could see the dark lines of infantry, hear the constant clatter of musket fire interrupted by the thunder of cannons. The fight was fierce and mighty. The village lands before us were on fire. Cannon balls struck the buildings around us. Upon hearing a cannon ball crashing into a rear room, everything with legs rushed from the attic down into the basement, where it was better protected.

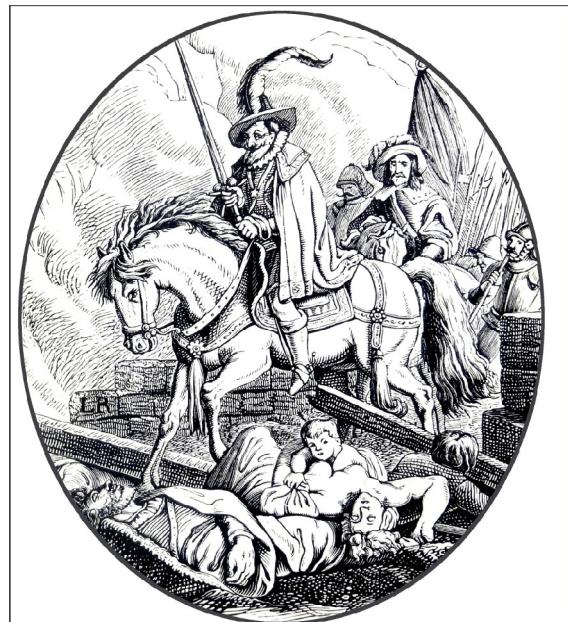


On the second day after the battle, my father and I went out to view the battlefield. Several horribly mutilated dead French soldiers lay in a ditch. One had his skull split in half, and the thin, cracked

shell felt like a pumpkin. It made me afraid for my own head. There were dead and wounded all around. We shivered at their whimpering. We found a soldier hidden in a pit who had been shot so that his foot hung to the ankle only by a fiber. We carried him to a nearby barn, where there were surgeons and other wounded soldiers.

Early one morning, we were startled by a gunshot coming from the hallway. A very ill-looking young soldier who should have gone to the hospital had instead come into our home and ended his suffering. His shirt was still burning from the gunpowder of the rifle shot.

Every day, the misery was all around. Food and wood were not to be had. Images of death filled our city. The



dead were brought out from the homes or even thrown down from the upper floors. Two hundred died in the hospital every day.

In mid-October of 1813, Napoleon's forces were defeated at Leipzig, Saxony, 60 miles northwest of Dresden. Napoleon was driven back to France. His power over the German Confederation was over. *By November, bread could be purchased again; you breathed freely and came back to your senses. Later, when reading about the glorious victories in war, I would remember the horrors I saw on the battlefield.*

After the war, 12-year-old Ludwig knew he would be an artist like his father. One way he learned was by copying the drawings of past masters like Jan Dirksz Both.



Jan Dirksz Both 1600s



Ludwig Richter 1800s

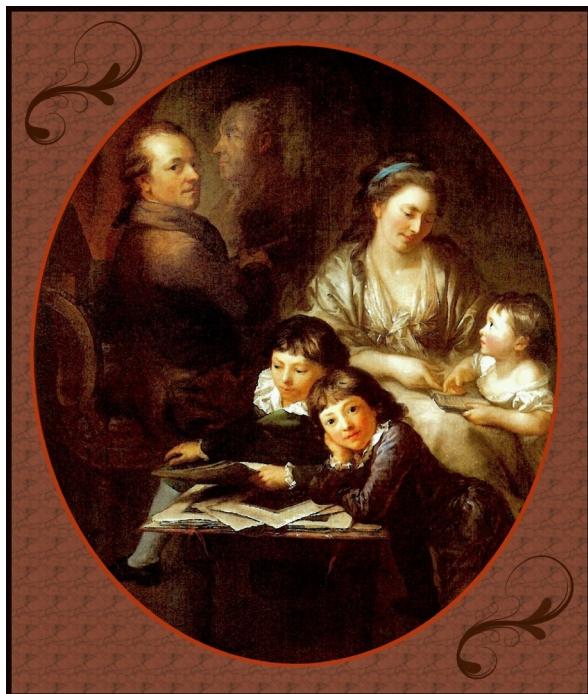


When Ludwig's family would visit Adrian Zingg, Ludwig would spend time with the daughter who unknowingly inspired him. *She was versed in all kinds of stories and sang songs about Cinderella. I was charmed by her nice rosy face and the way the light shone on her golden hair. Often the difference between her and the story's heroine would become blurred. Her blue eyes and red lips were the lively heralds of a wondrous world that never aged.*

Journey to France with a Russian Prince—Age 17

Another friend and colleague of Ludwig Richter's father was an artist named Anton Graff. He was a professor at Dresden Art Academy and a painter best known for his portraits. He even painted the portrait of Ludwig's mom, Johanna Dorothea, shown earlier in this book.

Occasionally, my father would meet with the serious and thoughtful Adrian Zingg and the lively and often hilarious Anton Graff to enjoy a beer and a simple dinner. In 1820, when I was 17, Anton Graff's son Carl had informed my father, who in turn informed me, about a Russian prince named Naryshkin, who was looking for an artist to travel with him and paint travel sketches. Soon after, I was presented to Prince Narishkin and my drawings from nature impressed him. The decision was soon made and I would get a salary of one hundred ducats.⁴ Overjoyed, I went home and told my parents.



Anton Graff and his family by Anton Graff

⁴ A ducat was a gold or silver coin that could be used in multiple countries, like the euro.

Sixty-year-old Alexander Lvovich Naryshkin was a friend of Russian Emperor Alexander the First and served as chamberlain, chancellor, and grand marshal to the Royal Family. He also ran Russia's top theaters and brought in the best actors. Both a prince and a count, Naryshkin was well known for his extravagant lifestyle and the magnificent parties he gave to the Royals. He was also moody, superstitious, and a compulsive gambler.



Prince/Count Naryshkin
by Augustin Ritt



Louise before she became *Tsarina*
(Russian Empress) Elizabeth
Alexeievna

Ludwig's job was to draw scenes from his trip with prince Naryshkin. The prince planned on presenting the drawings to the empress of Russia, Elizabeth Alexeievna. The empress had been born and raised as Princess Louise in Karlsruhe, Baden-Wurttemberg, which was part of the German confederation. She married Russian emperor Alexander 1 in 1793.



Dresden Saxony to Nice France



Towns and cities that Ludwig stopped at or visited with Prince Naryshkin

We left on one of the last evenings in November 1820 with snow swirling around us. After several days, a rabbit hunt was organized. I was sitting in the coach with Prince

Naryshkin and Duke Karl August. The snow lay thick on the ground. Hundreds of rabbits were rounded up by servants and driven into a trough in the land, where they were shot.

Our travels took us past old towns, castles, and gentle

hillsides decorated with walnut trees and vineyards. The Neckar River Valley opened before us with its autumnal brown forest and

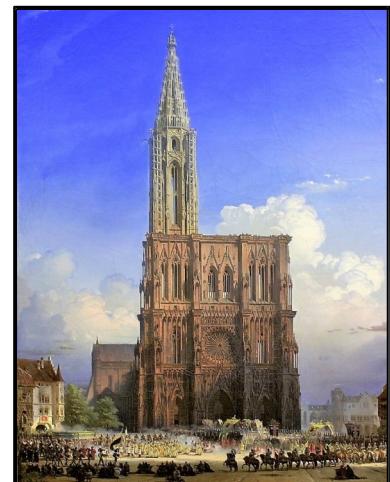
hills. In the evening twilight, the city of Heidelberg with its grand castle came into view.



Heidelberg Schloss (Castle) by Carl Rottman

From Heidelberg, the troupe traveled to Strasbourg, France. In Strasbourg, I saw the grand tower and pyramid of the Strasbourg Munster Cathedral. It was the first piece of significant German architecture that I encountered.

Construction on the Strasbourg Cathedral began in 1176. It took 263 years to build. A German architect, Erwin von Steinbach, is credited for much of the cathedral's design.



The Strasbourg Muenster in the Middle Ages by August von Bayer

Whenever we stopped, a collection of idle people, children, and beggars would congregate around the carriages while the horses were changed. While in the Alsace region, I took the opportunity to make some sketches of the Callot-type cripes and beggars in my sketchbook.



Jacques Callot



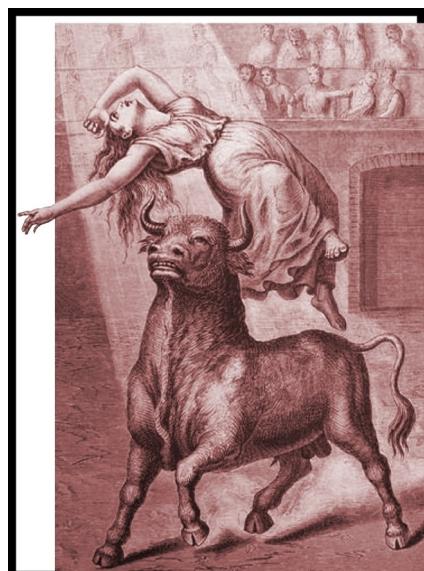
Ludwig Richter



Jacques Callot (1592–1635) sketched portraits of people who lived on the streets in difficult circumstances. He is best known for his “Miseries of War” etchings.

In Lyons, I visited the church of St. Just. It touched me deeply. This place had been consecrated by the blood of thousands of Christians who early in the second century gave blood and life for the sake of their faith. Included among them was the youthful, beautiful, and yet so brave and death-defying Blandina.

In Ludwig Richter’s day (and in much of the world today), a martyr was someone who was killed for holding fast to what they believed in. A martyr was not someone who killed themselves or others for a cause. Blandina, who Ludwig mentions, was a girl born in Lyon, France, around 162 AD. At age 15, this frail slave girl was arrested. Other Christian inmates worried she would break down under torture. Yet throughout her ordeal she would always answer, “I am a Christian and have committed no



15-year-old Blandina, c. 177 AD.
Artist unknown

wrongdoing." Blandina was finally taken to the arena, where she was scalded with hot metal, gouged by wild bulls, and finally killed with a dagger in front of the paying audience of Lyon.

In Paris, we stayed in a hotel near the Rue de la Paix shopping district and Vendome Square. While in Paris, I often wandered around, sometimes stunned by the colorful splendor of life shining around me on the boulevards and main roads. I visited the art collections of the Louvre and Luxembourg Museum as often as possible.⁵ What impressed me by



Rue de la Paix With Vendome by Giuseppe Canella

their vivid conceptions and theatrical pathos were Jacques-Louis David's depiction of Oath of Horatii and The Intervention of the Sabine Women.

David, who supported both Robespierre during the French Reign of Terror and later Napoleon, based these two paintings on ancient Roman tales. The *Oath of Horatii* is a tragic story of two sets of triplets each in opposing armies. Instead of the armies fighting, the triplets will fight to the death to determine which army is victorious. *The Intervention of the Sabine Women* is a story about a group of women from Sabine who are abducted and made wives by Romans. After several years of fighting Rome's allies, the fathers of the women come to battle the Romans in order to take back their daughters. By then the women had accepted their situation

⁵ The Louvre was, and still is, one of the world's great art museums. Also, Ludwig wouldn't have seen the Eiffel Tower since it was constructed for the 1889 World's Fair in Paris.

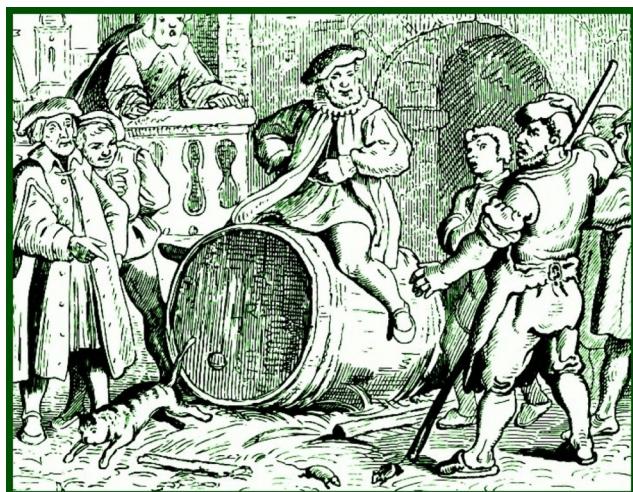
and so they intervened in the battle, saying to both sides that they could not live without their fathers nor their husbands.



Oath of Horatii; Jacques-Louis David self-portrait; *The Intervention of the Sabine Women*
Size of the Sabine painting is about 12 ½ by 17 feet.

Early in October 1820, Ludwig Richter was on hand to witness the celebration of the baptism of the Duke of Bordeaux, Henri of Artois. In 1830, Henri would be recognized by some as Henry V, king of France! But the honor of being king only lasted seven days. Ludwig also saw France's King Louis the 18th during this time. Louis the 18th was the brother of King Louis the 16th, who had been beheaded during the French Revolution. Louis the 18th remained in exile for the duration and returned to the throne in 1814 after

Napoleon's armies were defeated and Napoleon was exiled to the Isle of Elba, which is located between Italy and Corsica.



The infant duke's christening was celebrated, especially on the Champs-Elysees.⁶
There were many amusing

⁶ Henri d'Artois, duke of Bordeaux, born September 29, 1820, was the grandnephew of Louis the 18th. On October 11, 1820, a national subscription raised money to buy the infant a castle. Henri was baptized on May 1, 1821.

crowd scenes. Red wine poured, sausages were thrown in a high arc to the crowds, there were spaces for dancing, and the people had great fun. A baker had been hanging on a pole for half an hour trying to climb a mast covered with soap in order to retrieve the grand prize at the top, a gold watch. The guy had stamina and finally took off his shirt and used it to wipe off the soap from the pole. When his shirt got too much soap he used his pants. It took a long time but he made it to the top. The baker grabbed the watch and came down like an arrow. He was greeted with resounding laughter as I have never heard in my life again. Endurance gets the prize!

I also saw King Louis the 18th for a moment, just as he got into his carriage. He had thick red cheeks, powdered hair with a ponytail, and a powerful, broad back. But it was his seat of government that kicked my memories whenever I later read a story about him.



Louis XVIII of France in Coronation Robes by François Gerard.



shook her curly head, pounding the tambourine in jubilant mirth.

During our trip, as a token of his gratitude, the prince gave me a golden repeater watch that could chime out the exact time. Later in front of the company he hugged me and said I was like a son to him.

Repeater watches chime the exact time. This was very useful when it was dark since there was no electric light. After pressing a button on the watch, there would first be single chimes that indicate the hour. This would be followed by double chimes that indicate 15-minute increments, and finally single chimes again that indicate minutes. For example, if it were evening, ten single chimes, two double chimes, and five single chimes would mean it was 10:35 p.m.

Prince Naryshkin's goodwill toward me changed when I showed him a drawing of some trees with a pyramid in the background. I sought to please him by showing the drawing, but what a horror! As if bit by a snake he threw the sheet from him and shouted in great rage: "Away. Take it away! I do not see anything—go away." He turned away violently while the company looked on dismayed. I felt deeply hurt. It was later explained by a servant that the superstitious Prince Naryshkin had viewed this drawing as an ominous sign of an unspecified horrific future event that was made authentic since it was drawn by an innocent youth. I was then out of favor. The other men, in the presence of the prince, turned away from me as if I had suddenly become an invisible figure among them. Toward the end of the trip I was penniless, friendless, and terribly homesick. I felt trapped and couldn't leave.

In June 1821, the prince called me to his room, paid me the 100 ducats, and said a few kind words to me. Things ended well and I thought, I am free. I am free. A lead weight had been taken off my chest and I had a bag of gold—more than I had ever seen, much less possessed. I was so happy. After a day and a half by coach I was back home in Dresden with my parents and siblings: Willibald, Julius, and Hildegard. I gave the repeater watch to my father, who cherished it for the rest of his life. Seven months I had spent in a circle where everyone was worried about themselves with no



interest for others. This love-empty atmosphere made me sometimes despair. But now my heart warmed being around those whom I loved and who loved me.



Two Years at Home—Age 17–19



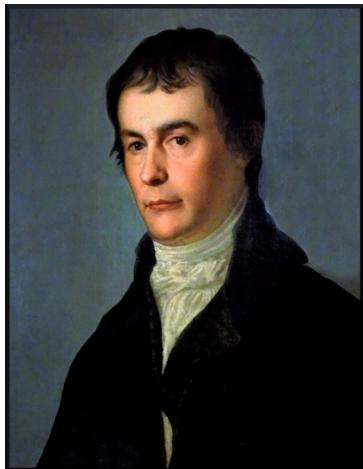
Auguste Freudenberg, born 1804
Artist unknown

Back under his parents' roof, Ludwig continued to study painting. During this time, Ludwig resumed his courtship with Auguste Freudenberg (1804–1854), whom he had met while taking dancing lessons prior to his trip to France. *Auguste is an unpretentious and quiet creature. She is resolutely cheerful and the hours spent near her made me unspeakably happy.*

Though happy, Ludwig was not yet ready for marriage. There was something else he yearned for. *Several of my artistic classmates had moved to Italy and several others were planning on doing so to see and paint images of the great sites. As for me there was no possibility to see this land that so many artists longed to visit. I read Elise von der Recke's book on her travels of Italy and that made the sting much worse.*



Writer Elise von der Recke
by Anton Graff



Publisher Christoph Arnold
Artist unknown

Ludwig Richter earned money by making etchings for his father's friend Christoph Arnold. Mr. Arnold was a bookseller and publisher whom Ludwig called Papa Arnold. After a day of work, Ludwig, who was working at the Arnolds' home, would enjoy one of Mama Arnold's enormous family dinners. *One morning, the good Papa Arnold visited and spoke of his business success with Father. He knew of my desire to go to Rome and said, "Now something must be done so Ludwig can continue to train." I was pale with tears running down my face. So filled with joy, I could only stutter a few words out. "Yes, you know what, dear friend?" he began again. "We'll do it: I will give you four hundred thalers a year in quarterly installments, and we want the time set to three years so you can study in peace..." He said everything so simply and warmhearted, as is his style. I have a true gratitude to him and to God who sent him as my helper.* And so, due to the generosity of one good man, Ludwig's greatest adventure began.

Rome: The Great Adventure—Age 19–22



Various towns and cities Ludwig traveled through on his journey from Dresden to Rome in 1823. Map by author.

Though his departure day and month were not recorded, Ludwig Richter most likely left for Rome in June 1823. He traveled

occasionally by carriage but mostly on foot. The first German train wouldn't enter service until 1835.



The day before my departure, I had taken my leave of Auguste, who cried many tears over the coming years of separation. However, in my heart a perpetual jubilation prevailed. The next morning came the big yellow monster,

which is what we called the stagecoach.

At our first stop in Zwickau, I went to retrieve my suitcase and knapsack at the post office and what a horror—the knapsack with my utensils, painting supplies, and most importantly my money was missing. It must have happened when we changed carriages. I was thunderstruck and reproached myself for not paying better attention to my property. Though 19 years old, tears fell while I laid down on the grass trying to figure out what to do. I was advised to continue on to Nuremberg. When I arrived, my heart cheered. Behold, there in the luggage compartment was my lost lamb, my shabby old rucksack laying on the floor, crammed full with my belongings and the life-giving 50 thalers.



After riding a coach to Munich, Ludwig Richter was electrified by the view of the Alps. With youthful enthusiasm, he hiked from Munich to Tegernsee and from there to Schliersee. In all, he covered approximately 62 kilometers (39 miles) in one day. It was

an imprudent choice. He had to spend the next two days in bed because his legs were painful and swollen. After his recovery, Ludwig headed for Wendelstein Mountain, which stands at 6,030 feet. Today a cable car can take you to the top, where there are magnificent views, but when Ludwig visited in 1820 the only way up was by foot.

The view of the mountain range was clear as I climbed from the chalet to the summit. Twice the narrow path required the hiker to jump over perilous depths to continue the journey. Upon reaching the summit, a strong, cold wind blew me about. I took shelter in a small, wooden chapel to escape the weather and catch my breath.



Thunderstorm on Mount Serone by Ludwig Richter

The weather was changing with dark clouds that enveloped the Alps. As I walked down the treacherous path, the wind whistled violently and large raindrops began to fall. Lightning and

thunderclaps were very close. At the end of the trail I ran to the chalet.

Ludwig Richter arrived at Salzburg on July 3, 1823, and left on August 5. He sought and found a private room to rent in a home owned by a priest named Thurn Weiser. The priest was a widower

who lived with his three daughters—Therese, Elise, and Marie—and taught Oriental languages at the local high school. *I considered myself fortunate to have found lodgings with the most cheerful and cordial people in a clean and cozy home that cost only a ducat a week. The priest was happy to have a painter who could accurately capture his beloved mountains. He was the most ardent lover of his beautiful city of Salzburg and the Tyrol mountains. When he spoke of the Grossglockner [the tallest mountain in Austria], his voice took a tone of awe like when he mentioned the name of God. He would often accompany me on my excursions and I would paint from morning to night, rewarding him with some of my drawings. I found particularly delicious the evening hours when the mountains lay in rosy splendor.*



Ludwig attended Sunday Mass given by the priest Thurn Weiser at Schloss Leopoldskron, which was built in 1736.⁷ In 1965 it was featured as the Von Trapp family home in the movie *The Sound of Music*. Today Schloss Leopoldskron is a grand hotel. *After Mass, we'd rummage through the deserted halls and rooms of the castle looking for paintings. In the dusty, decaying rooms, I found a large painting by Rosa di Tivoli and a beautiful landscape by Jan Both.*⁸

Toward the end of his stay in Salzburg, Ludwig met a stranger who unknowingly would leave an important mark on Ludwig's life. *One day, while I was very bored, there came a knock on my door. On my "Come in!" a squat, broad-figured man in his 50s entered. He said that he wanted to go home to his wife and child in Holland. He was a helmsman on a Dutch vessel that was shipwrecked. He showed me several testimonials from the authorities that confirmed his story. The man seemed honorable and humble so I gave him 20 kreuzer, which was due to my meager budget. He thanked me and with a look of gratitude said, "I have a long way to go but have a good traveling companion." I replied, "That is indeed a blessing. Who is it?" "It's the Lord Himself," and here he took out a small New Testament from his breast pocket. "Here I have his words, and when I talk to him, he answers. I travel confidently, dear young sir."*



⁷ *Schloss* is the German word for castle.

⁸ Rosa di Tivoli, 1655–1706; Jan Dirksz Both, 1610–1652



He thanked me again and left. But the speech had struck like an arrow and remained long in my heart. I had not thought of God. For me he was a distant, indefinite power, and this poor man spoke as if he knew him very well, resulting in a joyful confidence. His little treasure was completely foreign to me. I had never read the bible.

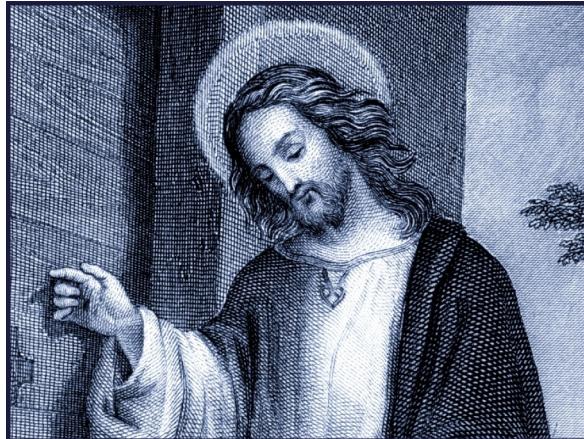
This little incident was soon

forgotten by new impressions, although not lost. Later I recognized it as the beginning of a series of deeper life experiences that led significantly to the development of my inner life.

Ludwig continued his journey to Rome on foot. Taking up his walking stick he marched to St. Gilgen, then through another rainstorm to St. Wolfgang. He proceeded on to Bad Ischl, walked along Lake Traunsee to Gmunden, and finally to Lambach with its picturesque Traunfall which means Traun waterfall. He spent the day drawing the Traunfall and had his palm read by a young, beautiful, exotic gypsy woman, who predicted he would arrive at his destination safely and flourish there with much happiness and honor.



After walking all day in a dreary rain and being soaked to the bone, LR stopped at an inn just past the town of Zillertal in Austria Hungary. *Besides the silent landlady, there was no one else to see. I was bored sitting in that little room. It was too early to eat, not from a lack of hunger but because of my hungry wallet that had too little in it. The woman gave me a book containing Jesus' discourses from the*



Engraving by an unknown German artist

Gospel of John. I was amazed and surprised because there had never been a bible in my hands. The speeches of ancient Greeks and Romans written down by Plutarch had always awed me, but here in the Gospel was even more.

"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life; no one comes to the Father but by me." And it further stated, "If you love Me, keep My commandments. And I will pray to the Father and He shall give you another Comforter that He may abide with you forever; the Spirit of Truth." Wonderful words that seemed to come from a higher world, elevated and strangely touching, the meaning I could not yet understand.

In Florence, Italy, Ludwig fell for a ruse experienced by unaware travelers before and since. He met a man who led a trusting Ludwig to a supposedly fine inn. After arriving, Ludwig simply described the inn as "A dreadful hole." Ludwig was too exhausted to look for another place that night.



A dreadful hole.

The next morning Ludwig Richter was awakened by a knock on his door. Two men said that they were looking for Mr. Richter, a painter from Dresden. *When I said, "I am Mr. Richter from Dresden," the younger of the two remarked that he had met Mr. Richter and I was not him. The confusion was finally solved when they revealed they were seeking out August Richter whom they heard was traveling to Rome.*

They were artists themselves. The younger was Gustav Hennig from Leipzig, and the other Theodor Rehbenitz. It was a fortunate mistake for they invited me to stay in a much better yet inexpensive hotel located near Piazza Santa Maria Novella. Their company made me forget my lonely travel, and Rehbenitz, who was well versed in art history, often accompanied me to churches and art galleries, where he opened up my understanding of the Florentine School. Too soon the week in Florence was over.

August Richter, 1801-1873, is a forgotten painter who sadly spent the last 30 years of his life in an asylum; no relation to Ludwig.



Portraits of the artists and examples of their work. Richter and Rehbenitz are self-portraits. Henning portrait by Rehbenitz.



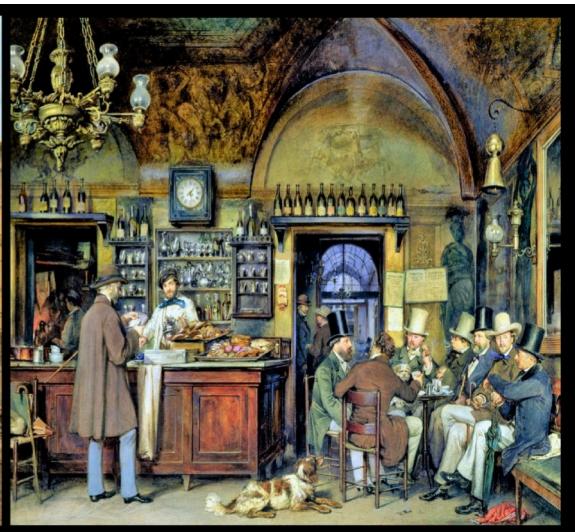
September 28, 1823. *It was my birthday and I turned 20. I was finally in Rome, and the city greeted my arrival so solemnly with cannon fire and ringing of bells. But the cannon and bells were actually to herald the debut of Leo XII, who had just been elected pope. After my first night, what a blissful awakening now took the morning! I had to reflect for a few moments if I was really awake or maybe just dreaming I was in Rome. But it was not a dream. I jumped with one bound out of bed and ran to the window to obtain the most obvious proof of this fact. It was still fairly early and the Via Condotti (shopping district) still quiet and deserted in the cool morning. But already the golden glow of the*

sun was rising over the Trinita dei Monti Cathedral, which rises above the Spanish Steps.



The Spanish Steps by Giovanni Paolo Panini.

Also shown is the Trinita Dei Monti Cathedral.



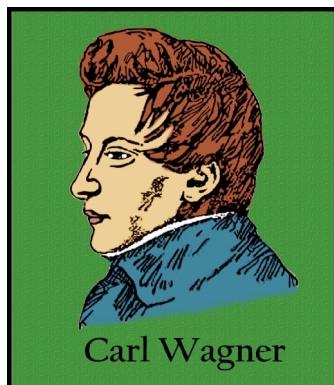
Café Greco by Ludwig Passini

I dressed quickly, and the heart beat violently in ominous expectation of things to come. What would I see here and experience? Would I find a solution to the riddles of life and art? Would I develop character and direction here? What fellow artists would I encounter both known and unknown? A thousand feelings and thoughts were moving my mind. I entered Rome like a pious pilgrim entering the Holy City, with blissful feelings and whose years of cherished desires finally came true.

From my apartment, I hurried down. Hardly gone a few steps when I saw the famous Café Greco, where many German and other artists gathered and had their mail delivered.⁹ I entered at once and was the first customer to take his morning coffee. It was not long when a second guest arrived. No sooner had

⁹ You can still get coffee and pastries at the Café Greco today.

we seen each other that we were in each other's arms. It was my beloved friend Carl Wagner from the town of Meiningen. He told



me that there was a room to rent where he lived and before midday I had moved in. For three crowns a month I had an apartment with a bed, table, a few chairs, broken tiled floor, curtain-less windows, and plenty of fresh air due to the loose windows and door. In the shortest possible time I found an old friend and a new home.

Originally black and white; added colors may not be accurate.

Carl Wagner was 27 years old when he met Ludwig in Rome. He initially studied forestry before studying painting at the Dresden Art Academy. Ludwig's father, Karl, was one of Wagner's instructors. For Ludwig to meet his friend shortly after arriving in Rome was a stroke of good luck. Carl and Ludwig would go on many painting excursions together, sometimes outdoors and at other times at an informal academy. There the painter Johann Passavant and his friends would rent a room and hire a model for the artists, who each paid a small fee. Ludwig remarked how he was always amazed how different people could see the same thing but view it differently.



Francesca by
Carl Wagner



Francesca by
Ludwig Richter

Drawing exercises by Carl and Ludwig. Color added



Johann David Passavant: *Holy Family with Saint Elizabeth and Saint John*, self-portrait



During his stay in Italy, Ludwig became acquainted and friends with many German-speaking artists residing in Rome. Soon they would gather every other week in the apartment house where Ludwig and Carl Wagner resided.

A long table, a few Roman lamps, and a dozen chairs were all that was needed to

Artists gathering to talk, play games, laugh, and feast. Regarding the somber faces, in those days people usually didn't say "smile" and "cheese" when they had their portraits painted or sketched. Portraits: Bertel Thorvaldsen (BT) by Christoffer Eckersberg; JK by Johann Wittmer; CW by unknown; EO by Carl von Volegstein; PV self-portrait; LR by Carl Peschel; JR by Johann Klein.

entertain some 20 guests. Each contributed to the banquet by bringing a portion of the meal wrapped in grape leaves and coin for the wine. Philipp Veit, Joseph Koch, and Johann Martin von Rohden often joined the informal gatherings. Bertel Thorvaldsen, smoking his cigar, spoke little but enjoyed the liveliest talks and jokes and was very pleasant. However, on such evenings it was

Ernst Oehme's humor that outshone all by far. He could so completely caricaturize anyone in attitude, expression, movement, and language that we all laughed and cheered. These evenings were a delicious refreshment after the working days.

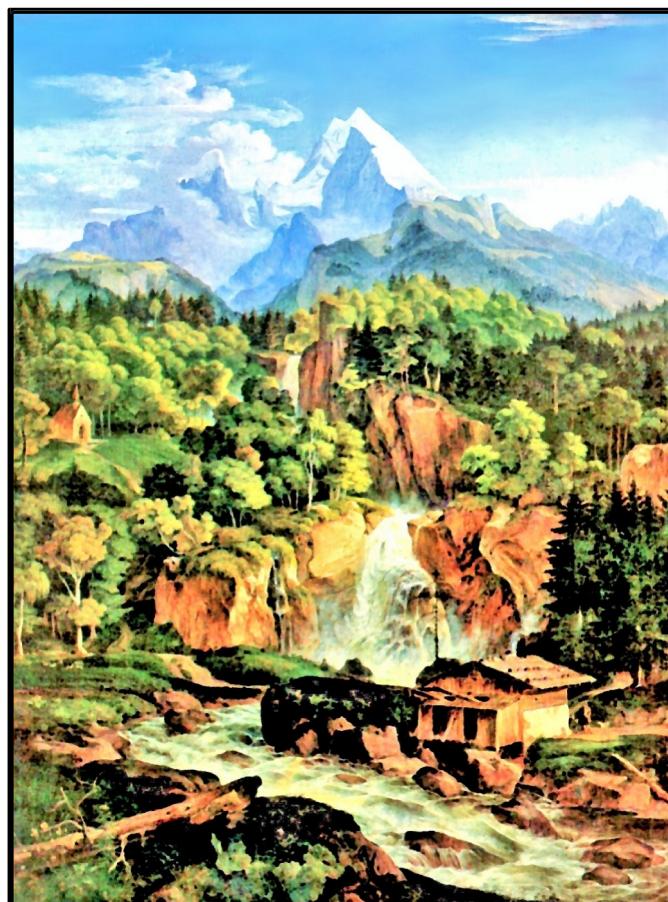


Scenes from Ludovico Ariosto's poem/story *Orlando Furioso*. Painted by Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld on the upper walls and ceiling of the Casino Massimo. When Ernst Oehme and Ludwig visited, Julius was still working on it. (Note: Incomplete section added by author.)

Later during his stay in Rome, Ludwig would attend another type of meeting. He and Ernst Oehme visited the Villa Massimi that today is called Casino Massimo.¹⁰ The walls and ceilings were painted to depict scenes of epic poems from three celebrated Italian poets.

¹⁰ The Casino Massimo with its fantastic paintings can be visited today.

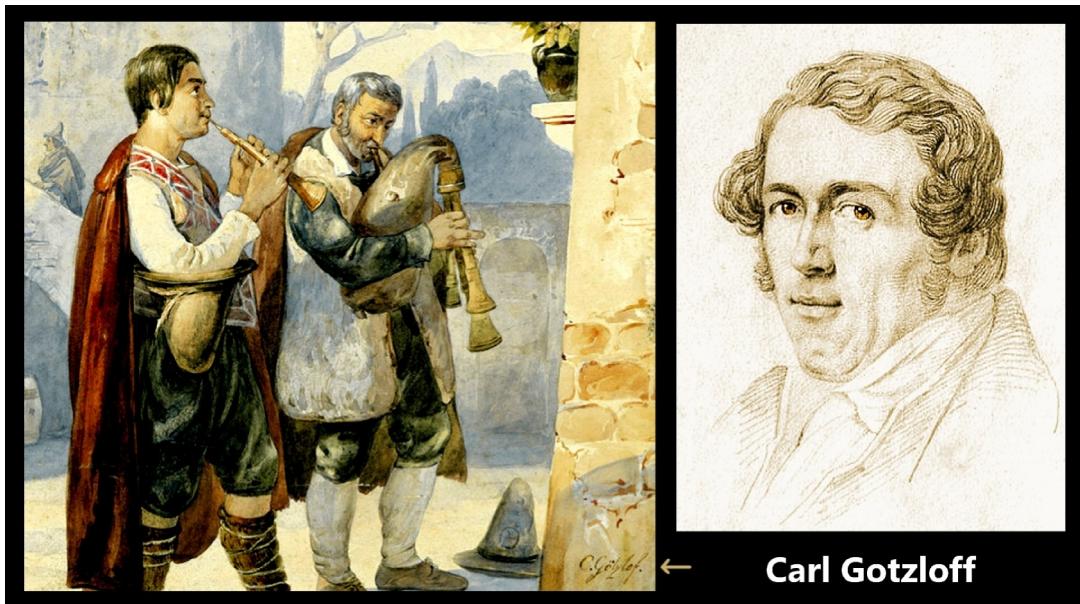
Johann Friedrich Overbeck painted scenes from *Jerusalem Delivered* by the poet Torquato. Phillip Veit and later Joseph Anton Koch painted images inspired by Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld painted scenes from Ariosto's poem *Orlando Furioso*. When Ernst and Ludwig visited, the work was still in progress. *We were surprised to see Julius up on a scaffold painting a warrior on the ceiling. It was a joy to watch. He said it took 10 days to paint his last figure. His creation was fresh and cheerful and we greatly admired it. I especially liked his painting of Rinaldo storming with his horsemen through the field with the clouds delicately covering the evening sky. There was a liveliness to his composition. Julius, with an overflowing imagination, was in his element. Later, he suggested that we meet every two weeks and bring a small composition that everyone could discuss. It was during these meetings that every man did his best to reap Master Julius' praise. Now, it certainly was not too hard, because it was not his way to practice sharp criticism. On the contrary, he would look for the good elements and very gently indicate any weakness or error.*



Watzmann by Ludwig Richter

This type of support from fellow artists was very important to Ludwig, especially when he had difficulties with his art. *I worked diligently at my easel and struggled with my painting of the Watzmann mountain. The despair came often enough. It was the suggestions from my friends, the great art in Rome, and nature herself that gave me serene courage that helped me through the difficulties.*

Ludwig also went on painting excursions with fellow artists. One August, with donkeys carrying our baggage, Ernst Oehme, Carl Wagner, Carl Götzloff, a mutual friend named Rist, and I journeyed



Carl Götzloff's painting of two pipers and a self-portrait

by foot the 20 miles from Rome to Tivoli. The route was very hot. Upon our arrival, our stately caravan of five tired artists and two pack donkeys was surrounded by beggars buzzing around us like flies. After orienting myself somewhat to the immediate vicinity, I worked from morning to night with a pleasure and joy from the abundance of diverse and beautiful views that raised no fatigue. I will never forget the beautiful morning where I, in sweet solitude, felt so lucky in the shade of an ancient olive tree surrounded by birdsong and the chorus of thousands of cicadas. There was also a

grand view of the Cascatellen waterfalls and of the Albanian Mountains and the valley below. Pretty, dark-eyed girls walked up the trail, heads loaded with baskets full of sweet figs or grapes, and for some bajocchi I had an abundance of these fruits.¹¹ The girls rested with me and looked curiously at my drawing and found to their satisfaction everything right on it, saying, "O quanto bello!" (Oh, how beautiful.)

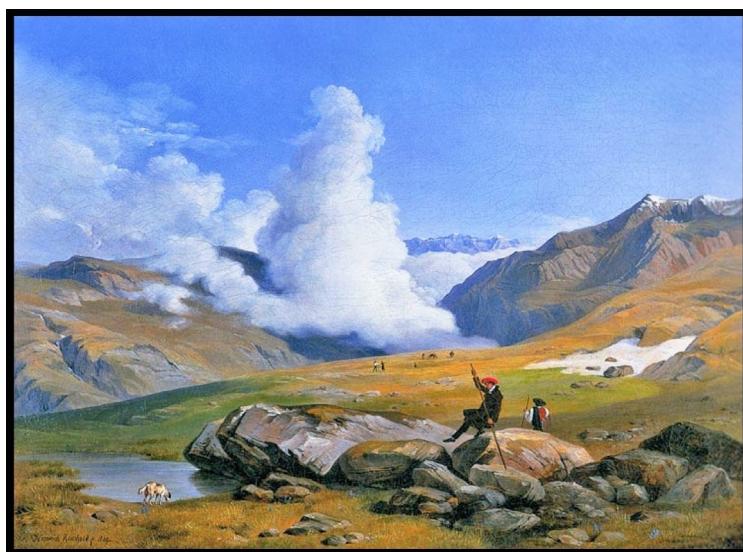
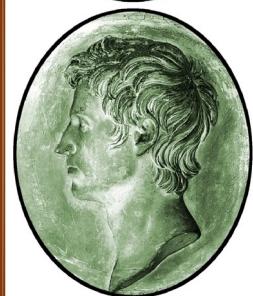
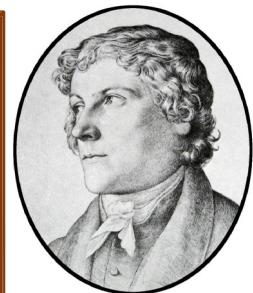
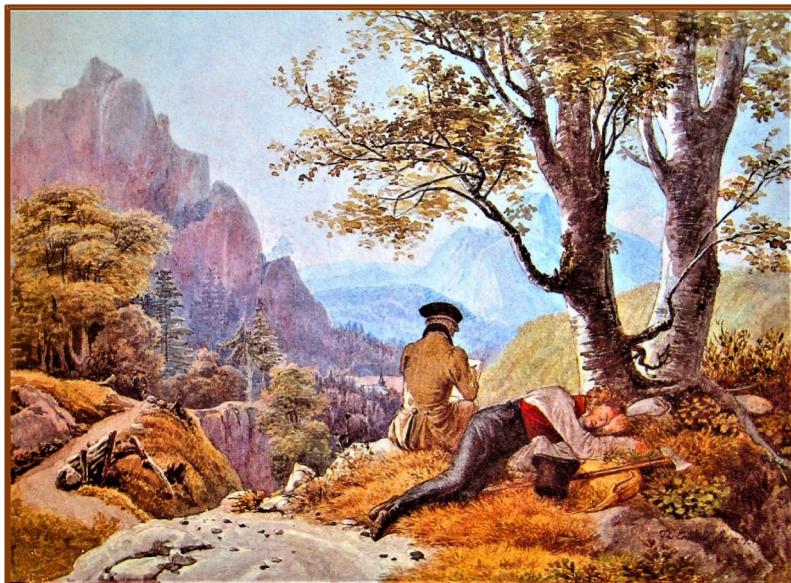


Franz Horny portrait and his drawing of Olevano-Romano. In Ludwig's autobiography he mentions admiring Franz Horny's work. Portrait of Franz Horny done by Ludwig's friend and mentor, Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld.

In September Carl Wagner and I went to Olevano Romano before returning to Rome. To our delight the dear Heinrich Reinhold was staying there for several weeks. Heinrich had such a simple, quiet, and unassuming manner and we conversed often during the cozy evenings. We learned that he had been close friends with Johann Christoph Erhard in Rome. Erhard suffered from melancholy, which

¹¹ Bajocchi or baiocco, an Italian coin

often rose to an intolerable degree. He lost faith in his talent. The unfortunate Erhard shot himself with a pistol in 1822, a month prior to his 27th birthday. When we took our leave of Reinhold, we had no idea that in two short years our dear friend would die of illness and rest in the shadow of the Pyramid of Cestius.¹²



Top: *Two Artists in the Mountains* by Johann Erhard; Johann Erhard portrait by Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld; Heinrich Reinhold relief sculpture by Bertal Thorvaldson.

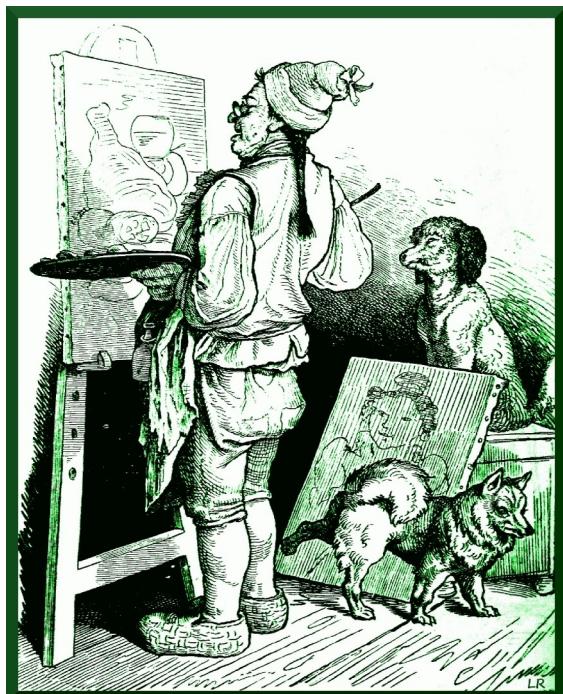
Below: Painting by Heinrich Reinhold

¹² The Pyramid of Cestius is a 120-foot pyramid tomb built around 15 BC in Rome Italy. Heinrich Reinhold died in 1825 at age 36 and was buried in a cemetery in Rome.

Back in Rome I looked at my many sketches and felt no means satisfied by these things for they were mostly fragmentary. They

were unlike the studies by Heinrich Reinhold, who so well understood the positions to choose, distance, motif, fore, and background and how to join them all together. My sketches were dead and I tortured myself for weeks without learning how to bring them to life. After considering my abilities or rather lack of them in art and life, I realized how unprepared I was when coming to Rome. Vexed, the designs and drawings were put aside. I visited the studios of

comrades, the Vatican, and the great art galleries in Rome and forgot about my compositions for the time being.



During this setback, unexpected inspiration came from a book

authored by two brothers in 1812. *One day I had read with great interest Kinder und HausMärchen by the brothers Grimm.¹³ Suddenly these stories became vivid in my mind, and in spite of the morning gloom I grabbed my drawing coal and with delight began drawing.* And he continued to draw. Throughout his career, Ludwig illustrated many of the Grimm Brothers' fairy tales. These drawings were widely distributed and enjoyed by many children and their parents. During the next century Ludwig's drawings would even influence a young Walt Disney.¹⁴



See if you can guess each story. The answers are in the footnote below.

There was another aspect of Ludwig's life that left him feeling that something vital was missing. *I felt the desolation of my frayed and disorganized inner life. It was like a lone boatman at sea without compass or control of wind or waves. Many silent hours were spent longing to find something solid that could be relied on in all*

¹³ *Kinder und HausMärchen*, published in 1812, translates as *Children and House Tales*. *Märchen* is German for folk or fairy tale.

¹⁴ Beginning top left: *Hansel and Gretel*, *Six Swans*, *Sleeping Beauty*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, *Snow White*, and *Cinderella*, by Ludwig Richter

situations of life and a knowing and steady hand to guide me when I was doubtful.



On Christmas Day, 1824, Ludwig went to Café Greco in hopes of a letter from home. There was none. His girlfriend, Augusta, would enclose her letters with Ludwig's father's letters and he didn't write often. Ludwig spent Christmas Day painting. Though homesick, he was happy to think that there were people at home who thought about him. That evening *with its cold wind and I alone, suddenly there was upon me a happy and peaceful sensation, as if an angel had passed through the room and left its bliss with me. Upon reflection, I recognized that a kindly invisible hand had been guiding me, meeting all my expectations and giving promise for the future.*¹⁵

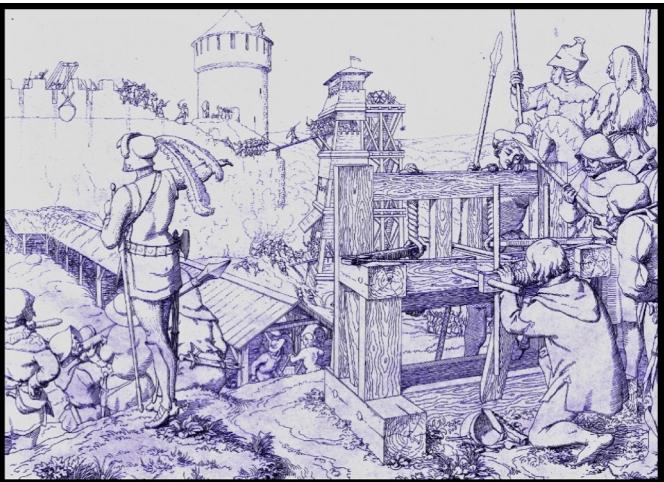
That kindly hand was to guide him once more to a major event that would change the rest of Ludwig's life. It must be said that Ludwig's friend Ernst Oehme may have wished the kindly hand would have found a different manner to guide Ludwig.

The day after Christmas I heard that Ernst Oehme had become violently ill and that no one was taking care of him. So, I went to him several times a day. There I met the painter Friedrich Ludwig von Maydell and we agreed to take turns nursing poor Oehme back to health. I learned that Maydell's family was originally from Sweden but he had been born in Dorpat Estonia.¹⁶ He had served as an engineer in the Russian Army, which fought Napoleon's French. His appearance was part student and part military along with sharp eyes and a powerful presence. He was a

¹⁵ What a person believes has a profound effect on his or her life

¹⁶ Dorpat is now Tartu.

skilled painter with iron discipline, working morning to night. He was universally popular but walked his road with only a few.



Friedrich von Maydell, self-portrait and a print

By New Year's Eve, Ernst Oehme was feeling much better. There was a New Year's Eve festival Ludwig planned on attending but Friedrich von Maydell invited him to a small gathering at his apartment.

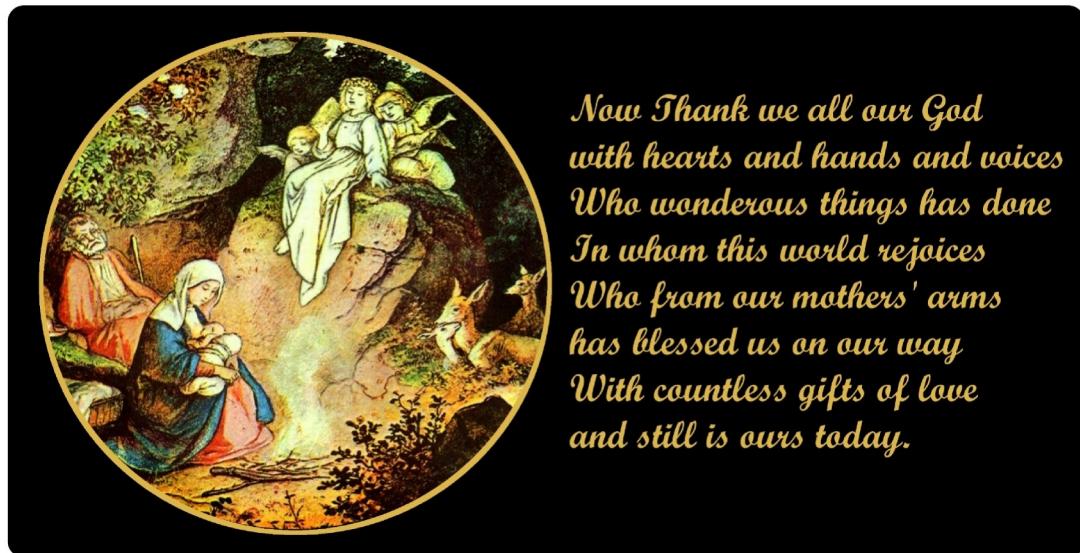


On the walk toward Maydell's apartment, the majestic night sky and stars made me think of the shepherd David watching his flock of sheep, gazing at the distant and mysterious stars, and singing, "When I look to the sky, work of thy fingers, the moon and stars that you prepare, what is man that you are mindful of him?"¹⁷

In the poorly lit alley Ludwig couldn't find Maydell's loft. He was about to give up when he heard the sound of young men singing. *Maydell and his friends greeted me and then he offered some tea. I have*

¹⁷ Psalm 8:3–4

no recollection of what was said that night and there was no single thing that touched me very deeply. Yet I was overwhelmed that these friends had found the center of their lives in their faith in God and in Christ, the savior of the world. Their faith had its firm foundation in the bible and the gospel of Christ. My faith was more homemade opinion and view, hovering in the air and subjected to changing feelings and moods. I listened to the speeches of these friends and was not aware what was going on inside of me. But the small events of past days had elicited a seed that had so long been hibernating in the cold earth. Now, a sunbeam had opened up the buds. The cathedral bells chimed at midnight, ringing in the New Year, and we sang the old beautiful chorale “Now thank we all our God.”



*Now Thank we all our God
with hearts and hands and voices
Who wonderous things has done
In whom this world rejoices
Who from our mothers' arms
has blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love
and still is ours today.*

Painting by Ludwig Richter; “Now Thank We All Our God” song lyrics by Martin Rinkart (1636)

The first sunbeam of the New Year in 1825 and the bright bells from the San Isidoro monastery woke me from a deep sleep. I awoke with a feeling of such unspeakable happiness. Filled with peace and joy, I felt like a new person in a new world. “I have God and my Savior found.” “The old has passed away; behold, the new has come” was made completely true. No longer was the loving

father above in the starry canopy; He was also in my heart and conscience.

Ludwig continued to meet regularly with these friends to discuss and learn about his faith as well as art and literature. *Even Ernst Oehme, whose illness had brought Maydell and I together, began to attend these gatherings.* For the rest of his life Ludwig's art would regularly contain Christian themes. Though he would face difficulties and tragedies, he stayed true to his belief in Christ and the bible.

Though a Christian, Ludwig still encountered the ludicrous. The following is based on a story from his memoirs.¹⁸



Feast of the Gods by Giovanni Bellini and Titian. When Ludwig saw this painting, it was almost two centuries younger and likely more vibrant than this image.

Carl Wagner: "It was on a Sunday when I brought some friends to a gallery. Ludwig, of course, was among them. We noticed that he became enraptured by Titian and Bellini's *Feast of the Gods*."

¹⁸ Artist license was taken to imagine who said what.

Ludwig: *What a delicious work! The gods and goddesses and nymphs are so humorous to see in their revelry. Look at the lush bushes and the handsome rock crowned by a distant castle. This is the most spectacular scenery I've ever seen.*

Carl and friends:

“Well, it is good, but the rock is too brown.”

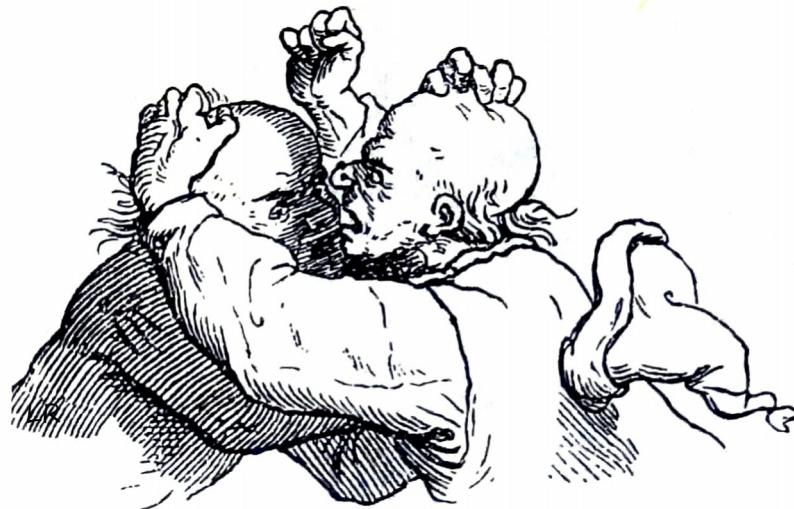
“Yes, and the trees are too capricious.”

“It's not how one would paint these days.”

Ludwig: *What do you mean, too brown, too capricious, one wouldn't paint it this way? Are you mad? Are you blind to its beauty? What kind of heartless philistine souls are you?*

The others break into laughter. Carl Wagner: “Ludwig, pay us no mind. It is a beautiful painting. We were having some fun since you were so enraptured.”

Ludwig: *The next week I visited the gallery alone so I could enjoy the divine beauty of the work in peace.*



Two knuckleheads

An Aside



Empty picture frames image adapted from a work by David Teniers the Younger. Paintings by 1800s German painters Caroline Bardua and Marie Ellenrieder added.

Imagine entering an enormous museum. There are numerous frames on the walls. Strangely, only a few of the frames contain a painting. The majority are empty. In Ludwig Richter's memoirs, he mentions no female painters. This isn't surprising considering that professional female artists of any sort in 1800s Germany were a rarity. What great paintings and other art would have been created if women with artistic talent and dreams had been nurtured, trained, and given financial support and opportunity? Instead, to everyone's loss, we have only empty picture frames.

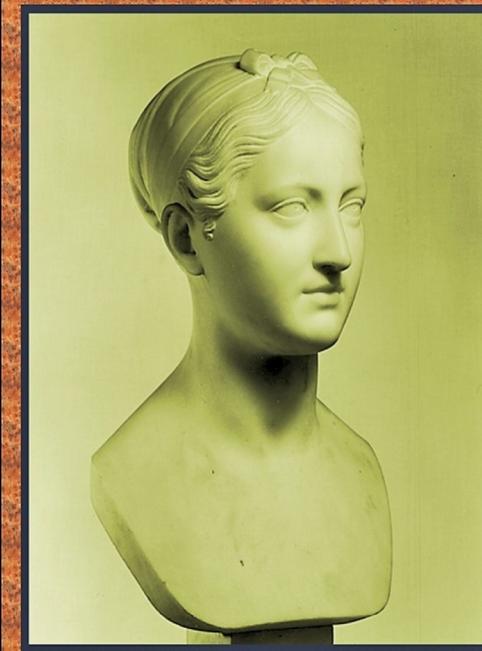


Vittoria Caldoni by August Grahl. This painting has a photorealism quality.

There was one woman who was very important in Roman art of the time. Her name was Vittoria Caldoni. She was born in 1805, which made her two years younger than Ludwig. Vittoria began modeling for artists in Rome at age 15. She was 18 when Ludwig arrived in Rome, though he never wrote of meeting her. However, some of his friends and colleagues worked with Vittoria, adding her image to their paintings. They included Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld, Friedrich Overbeck, Bertel Thorvaldsen, and Theodor Rehbenitz. One of

the rare female artists of that time, Marie Ellenrieder from Germany, also worked with Vittoria. It's reported that over 100 paintings with Vittoria's image still exist.¹⁹ A century later Picasso would use her image in one of his works. Vittoria eventually retired from modeling when she married a Ukrainian painter named Grigory Lapchenko and moved with him to Russia.

¹⁹ You can type her name online to see more paintings with her in it. There are no photos of Vittoria. The world's first known photo was taken in 1826, but photography wasn't common until decades later.



Vittoria Caldoni portrayed in art. Top: two images by Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld. Bottom left: sculpture by Bertel Thorvaldsen. Bottom right: image by French painter Horace Vernet.



Vittoria Caldoni portrayed in art. Top left: by Friedrich Overbeck who had also painted scenes in Casino Massimo. Top right: by Franz Winterhalter. Bottom left: by Theodor Weller. Bottom right: by Grigory Lapchenko whom Vittoria married.

More travels with friends—Rome to Paestum May–June 1825



Places Ludwig and his friends visited on their journey to Paestum and back. Today, the direct route from Rome to Paestum is 192 miles (308 km). Map by author.

Early in May 1825, Ludwig Richter along with painters Fredrick Maydell, Johann Nicolaus Hoff, Johann Heinrich Schilbach, Hans Georg Harder, and Carl Götzloff set off on a two-month walking, carriage, and boat tour of what is now Italy.²⁰ From Rome's Porta San Giovanni, they hiked to Ariccia and watched a peculiar jousting tournament.

Suspended by two high poles was a large vat filled with water. Placed at the bottom of the vat was a wooden clamp holding a ring. The goal was for the horse-mounted knight to spear the ring with his lance and avoid hitting the wooden clamp, which, if tapped, would open the vat and deluge the rider and horse with water. Such a mishap happened to an old, skinny guy who we noticed earlier when he was standing with his donkey, along with the other

²⁰ Italy was declared unified in 1861, though more lands were added by 1870.

knights, glaring fiercely at the amused audience. While other knights approached the water vat cautiously, this man rode rapidly toward the vat like Don Quixote toward his windmills.²¹ His lance clipped the clamp and the flood poured over man and beast. The water seemed to nail the donkey to the spot, and no kicking or prodding by the knight could move it until every last drop had fallen. Then with stoic composure, the knight and donkey circled the whole arena before returning to the other riders. Young and old joined in a choir of laughter that filled the place.



The group walked to the village of Velletri and then hired a coach to take them through the Pontine Marshes during the night. *It was decided among us to stay awake because sleeping in marshland can bring fever. So, we kept up the most vibrant conversation possible. At midnight we stopped*



at Tres Tavernae or The Three Taverns. There were a few miserable houses, but 1800 years ago the apostle Paul passed through there as mentioned in the bible.²²

The travelers arrived at Terracina in the morning and caught up on their sleep. They journeyed on to Gaeta, Capula, and Naples, where they stayed at the Santa Lucia neighborhood on the coast. *Dinner was usually at the pier. The venue and people were unique and colorful. We looked out on the dark blue sea and saw the*

²¹ Don Quixote, the title character in a classic book, wrongly believes himself as a chivalrous knight and attacks windmills that he believes are giants. Today that is symbolic of someone who tries to do the impossible. They fail, but there is something noble in their effort.

²² "And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii forum, and The Three Taverns, whom, when Paul saw, he thanked God and took courage" (Bible, book of Acts, 28:15).

ships, the islands of Capri and lovely Ischia, and the colors of Mount Vesuvius with its column of smoke in the rosy twilight.



View of the Bay of Naples with Vesuvius in the Background by Ludwig's climbing partner, Carl Götzloff

From Pompeii we hiked to Mount Vesuvius. On the side of the mountain, we stayed with a hermit. The sunset was splendid. Dinner was sparse with bread, onions, and sour wine. Yet we were happy and all sorts of student songs were sung with the old man humming the melodies. Before sunrise we began our ascent. Some were on donkeys, others on foot. We climbed an arduous three-quarters of an hour to the beginning of the ash cone. Our soles became charred and twigs burned in the black lava hollows. We saw many columns of smoke pouring out from the crater. The sulfur vapor and cold drove us quickly back down.



The Eruption of Mount Vesuvius by Jacob Hackert. Ludwig viewed Hackert's paintings when he visited Cestera Palace.

We took a boat to Amalfi, where I made some detailed drawings. I enjoyed seeing the cliffs and the medieval buildings on rocky outcroppings at Salerno. Early one evening in Eboli, we had just planted ourselves on a hill in front of the town with our umbrellas and field chairs to draw the beautiful mountain chain, when an old woman rushed up the hill scolding and cursing at us, saying that she'd never tolerate anyone doing witchcraft and devil arts for there were many good Christian people in Eboli. More people gathered as she knocked over our chairs and umbrellas, and children began attacking with stones. Fortunately, there were some men and a clergyman to



whom we explained our intentions and showed our sketchbooks, which legitimized us and calmed the crowd.

Twenty-two-year-old Ludwig Richter's last stop was to see the ruins of Paestum, a city founded around 600 BC by Greek colonists. It's best known for three large temples. Today the ruins are visited daily by tourists. There is also a museum and pizzeria. In 1825, the site was deserted. *With an unobstructed view of the sea, and surrounded by a wreath of beautiful hills, were the three surviving temples of Paestum. In this lonely terrain surrounded by bush, forest, sea, and desert lived nearby only a shepherd family with their herd of goats. This made the lofty testimony of the Greek sense of beauty even more poignant. I found a shady spot, because the sun was hot, and tried to bring the landscape on paper. I soon felt the inadequacy of my efforts and gave up. So highly poetic and great is the impression of the landscape. Yet my drawings were poor, brochure-like renderings.*



A View of Paestum by Antonio Joli

The mind of man can make stones talk. This for me became clear as I compared the difference of these Greek temples with a

Christian cathedral. The stone is alive, creating soaring columns and pointed arches. It is the expression of rising above earthly and finite things and the search for and soaring up to the eternal.

Paestum was the southernmost stop for Ludwig and his companions. He decided against proceeding to Sicily. The weather had become too hot, and no one else wanted to go there.²³ After returning to Naples, three of the group—Hoff, Schilbach, and Harder—decided to return to Rome by carriage. Friedrich Maydell and Ludwig decided to travel a different route. *We heard almost daily of the dreaded gang of Gasparone who committed the worst atrocities. Therefore, we sent some of our money with our friends so that if robbed by brigands our loss wouldn't be too painful.*



²³ Air conditioning didn't exist so hot weather had to be endured.

In Caserta we visited the royal pleasure palace with its beautiful park. It interested me to see the works by Jacob Hackert, whom Goethe admired.²⁴

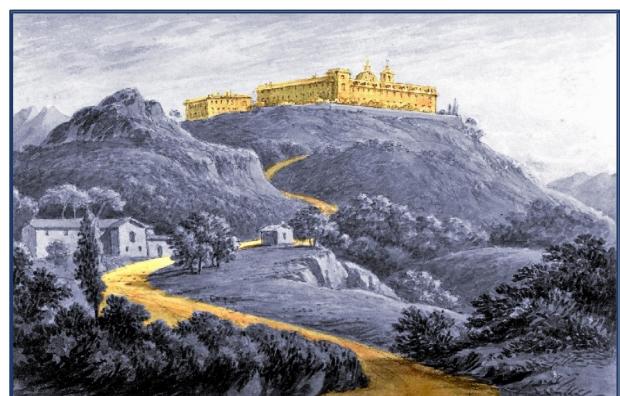


The original plans for Cestera Palace by Luigi Vanvitelli

The intense heat on the shadowless road made walking very difficult. I soon got large blisters on my soles and was very glad when we reached Piedimonte San Germano. We had just stretched out in our room at the inn

when an older woman, in the picturesque costume of a traditional mountain woman, knelt before me and washed my feet in a copper vessel. After drying, she washed the feet of Friedrich Maydell. It was the first time we had seen this custom.

The next day we went up to Monte Cassino. There St. Benedict founded his first monastery. At the library, a friendly and spirited old priest with snow-white hair and black robe showed us the oldest parchments from the Goths and Lombards with their whimsical lettering and designs.



Monte Cassino by John Smith (color altered)

²⁴ Jacob Hackert's painting of Vesuvius erupting is shown a few pages back.

In the evening we were in Sora having wine and roast kid when a breathless young shepherd rushed in and announced loudly with the most excited gestures that Gasparone and his gang had broken into their farm, robbed the owner, and dragged a girl and many sheep and goats into the mountains.²⁵ Instantly all jumped to their feet and there was such a noise and screaming mess as only made by passionate Italians. Our plans to travel through this lion's den the next day concerned us as we wanted to see Lago di Fucino and Monte Velino.²⁶ So we delayed our departure, and I felt happy that I could

rest my sore feet in the meanwhile. Maydell and I took a different route to Avezzano. It was at times cumbersome and tedious to wander, especially for me as every step caused such pain that I had to clench my teeth so as not to groan out loud. Around noon, in the blistering heat, we came to a mill next to a creek that had not one drop of water. We entered the house and were startled to see five guys heavily armed with daggers and pistols lying on the ground dressed in the costume of brigands.²⁷ Fortunately, the miller told us that these were militia who were tracking robbers. While eating our bread and cheese they told us of their adventures and skirmishes with the brigands. As we continued our journey to Avezzano, we met up with a long train of riders who turned out to be carabinieri, or military men who perform policing duties. The brigands apparently knew of this for as we passed by they were sitting on the rocky heights above us and shouted down, "Buon viaggio." (Good trip)

²⁵ Kid, in this instance, refers to meat from a young goat.

²⁶ Lago di Fucino, or Lake Fucino, has been drained and no longer exists. Elevation of Monte (Mount) Velino is 8,159 feet.

²⁷ Brigands are gangs who rob people traveling through mountains or forests. Had Ludwig and Friedrich Maydell not met up with the Carabinieri, they probably would have been robbed and possibly physically harmed.

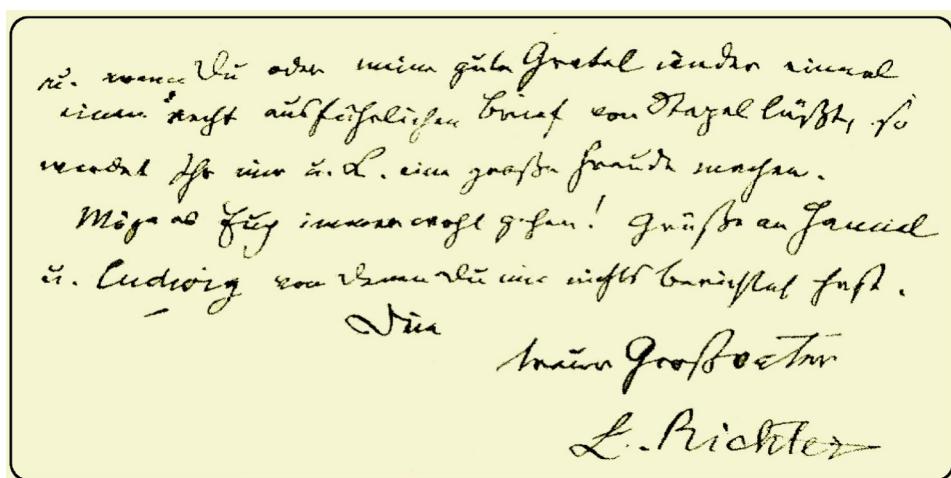


Gasparone by Raggi

There were no inns in Avezzano, but we were taken in by a friendly family. We were touched by the simple, cordial, and patriarchal customs. Friedrich Maydell had a lively discussion with the father, Don Baldasare, about life and customs in his homeland. After dinner the children were put to bed. The mother kissed them and then, one after another, each child knelt before the father, who, with a blessing of "felice notte," put his hand on their head and dismissed them with a kiss.²⁸ The simple warmth, pious custom, and innate grace of manner in this house made a vivid impression on me.



The rest of the trip back to Rome was without incident. The two friends passed through the poor town of Cervara and visited the ancient monastery of San Benedetto, also known as Saint Benedict's Monastery, which is built on a cliff near the town of Subiaco.



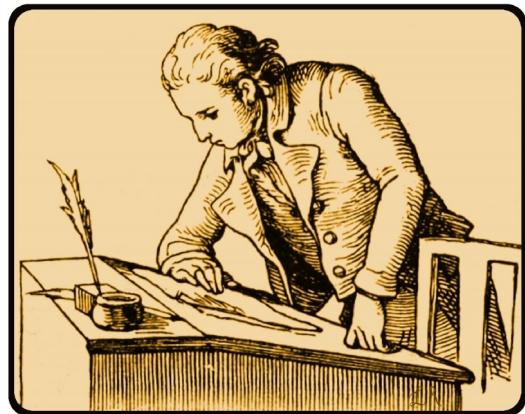
Ludwig wrote letters to friends and family telling about his life and adventures.

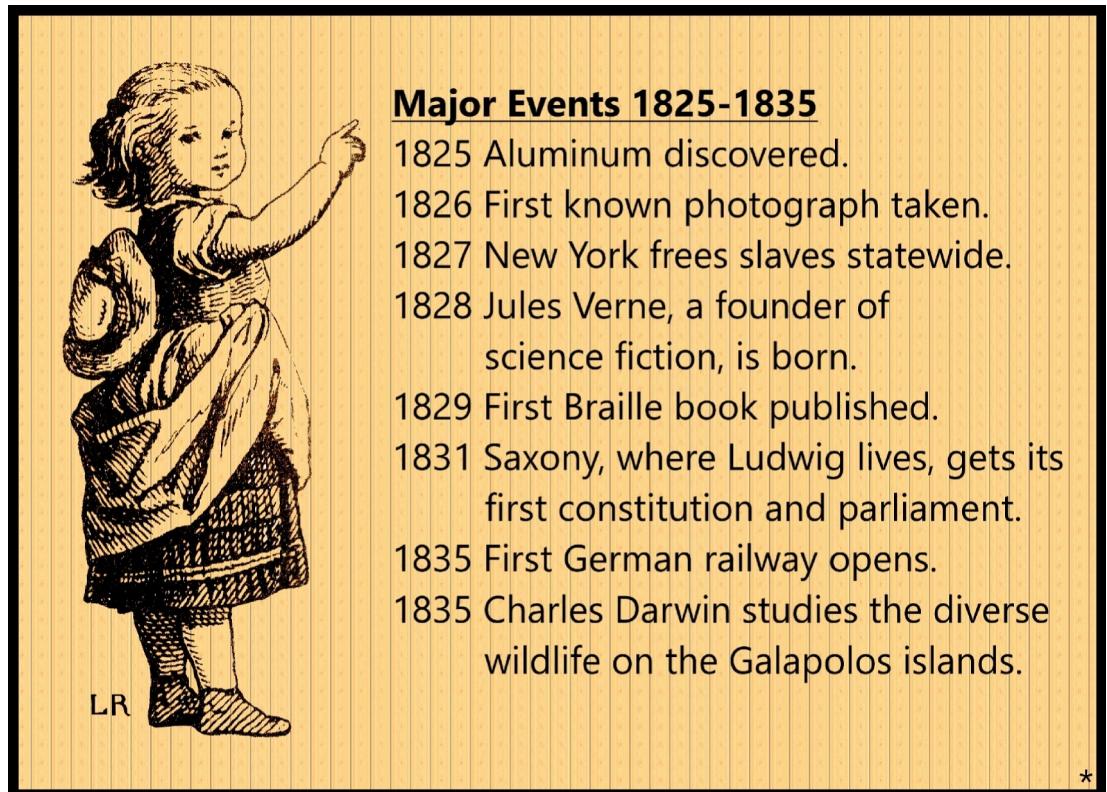
²⁸ Felice notte is Italian for "Happy night" or "Good night"

During his last winter in Rome, Ludwig continued working on his art, meeting friends, and revisiting his favorite locations. He also continued his religious growth, being instructed by his friend Richard Rothe, who was the chaplain of the Prussian embassy in Rome.

The grace of God in the person of Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world, was now my Savior and Redeemer. The growth in the knowledge and the maintenance of this new life was henceforth, next to my art, my liveliest endeavor.

Many years later Ludwig wrote:
Fifty years after my departure from Rome and on the eve of my retirement, the beautiful memory of departed friends still lies within me. The memories of Rome I can clearly see through my eyes, though they are now weak. The old sketches and paintings created in Rome warm my heart and remind me of my golden age of purest aspiration and highest ideals.





Major Events 1825-1835

- 1825 Aluminum discovered.
- 1826 First known photograph taken.
- 1827 New York frees slaves statewide.
- 1828 Jules Verne, a founder of science fiction, is born.
- 1829 First Braille book published.
- 1831 Saxony, where Ludwig lives, gets its first constitution and parliament.
- 1835 First German railway opens.
- 1835 Charles Darwin studies the diverse wildlife on the Galapagos islands.

*

A New Life: Home, Marriage, Job—Age 23–33



Ludwig Richter, self-portrait, 1825; Auguste Freudenberg

Summer 1826—*The cumbersome Post Wagon stopped at the Dresden post house. I hastened down the street and ran up three flights of stairs to my father's studio. I rang the bell and the door opened.*

My father stood before me. Somewhat surprised he looked at me with his blue eyes with bushy eyebrows and said with his peculiar dry humor, “Look there! Ludwig the Roman! Welcome!” It seemed so strange to me, as if he had become alive again from an old dream. The good, weird dad was before me in the bright foyer.

I found Mother sewing and my younger siblings watering the flowers. Brother Willibald was no longer found in the house. He had accepted a position as an art teacher with the rich Count Potocki and traveled with them on their great voyages. Brother Julius, the youngest, was still at home drawing and etching. My dear grandmother, who had been blind for 20 years, was now dead. My grandfather was now living with my mother and father.



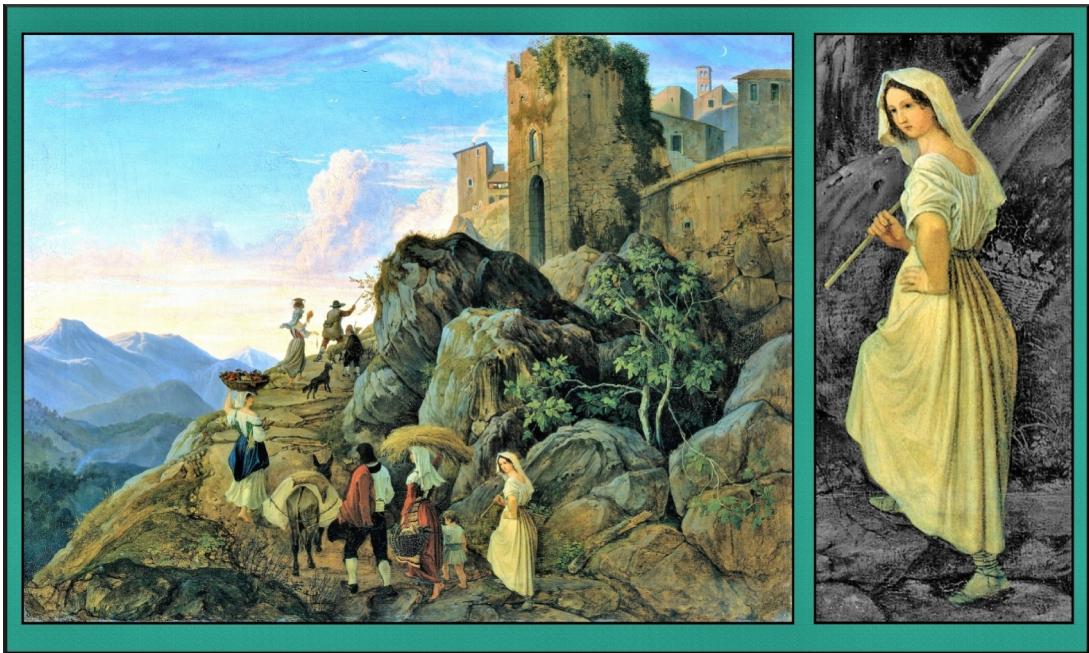
The young couple

Many of Ludwig's friends from Rome, including Ernst Oehme, Carl Peschel, Friedrich Maydell, and Karl Schumacher, returned to Dresden. Ludwig soon moved into an apartment close to Auguste, who had waited for him. *The blissful hour of our meeting again is beyond words.* Ludwig and Auguste were married in a small ceremony attended by his parents and *Herr und Frau Oehme*.²⁹ There was no honeymoon but...we carried out for a few months a very happy lifestyle.³⁰

Ludwig Richter earned an income with commissioned paintings. He incorporated his new wife into a painting commissioned by Johann von Quant titled *The Evening and the Return of Compatriots to Civitella*.

²⁹ *Herr und Frau* Oehme is German for Mr. and Mrs. Oehme.

³⁰ The image of the young couple is a closeup from one of Ludwig's paintings shown later in this book. See if you can find it.



The Evening and the Return of Compatriots to Civitella by Ludwig Richter. Augusta, his wife, is dressed in yellow.



Painting by Samuel Arnhold

It was the death of Johann Samuel Arnhold, a painter of flowers and instructor at the famous Meissen porcelain factory, that would provide a new job for Ludwig.³¹

I had taken no notice about the job left open by Arnhold's death. I heard many painters applied for it. It was therefore not a little surprising when on a Tuesday I received a letter from the director stating that I had been appointed the position at a salary of 200 thalers a year.

³¹ Meissen Porcelain still produces porcelain art and dining ware today. They have a museum with fabulous porcelain sculptures, vases, and more as well as a café that serves a very tasty Meissen torte (cake).



Scharfenberg Castle at Night by Ernst Oehme

The picturesque town of Meissen was a five-hour carriage ride from Dresden.³² On the way, Auguste and Ludwig enjoyed the scenery, including the Scharfenberg Castle, which Ludwig's friend Ernst Oehme had painted.

Living and working at Meissen was too often an unenjoyable experience for Ludwig. He missed the frequent company of his Dresden friends, had paintings rejected for sale or exhibition, endured severe illness and hopeless moods, and *the final plague was my meager income. I had moved to Meissen for a 200-a-year salary, which I only achieved twice due to a lack of students. I would even worry that there wouldn't be enough money to pay the postage due to the postman who was bringing my monthly salary. How many talents have miserably perished for lack of any job?*

³² Today the 16-mile trip takes about 30 minutes by train or 40 minutes by car. Or you can take a leisurely 90-minute paddle boat ride from Dresden to Meissen on the Elbe River.

Later, when writing his autobiography, Ludwig wrote that though his marriage was happy he perhaps married too young. *The pressure on me during those seven years in Meissen and subsequent first years in Dresden was great.* Ludwig felt the pressure prevented him from achieving a high artistic mastery. One dreadful concern must certainly have been about supporting and feeding his growing family. To go hungry yourself, as Ludwig had suffered in the past, is one thing, but to worry about your little children going hungry is another thing entirely. *Without my beloved Auguste and her unfaltering, serene, and courageous strength, I would have degenerated in those stifling conditions.*

Family Ludwig b. 1803, Auguste 1804. Children Marie 1829, Heinrich 1830, Aimee, Helene, Anna 1837. Aimee and Helene's birthdays are unknown.

In the course of eight years Ludwig and Auguste became parents of five children.

Sleepless nights, laughing and crying babies, first steps, and good and misbehaving children all added to the difficulties and joys of life.

They also were inspiration for many of Ludwig's drawings.



Recalling a home in Meissen where two of his children were born, Ludwig wrote, *Many happy and hard times I lived in this house. The golden thread during this time was the living faith in God and*

the feeling of unclouded domestic happiness that was granted so abundantly. Thus flowed years of undisturbed activity. I remember with pleasure the long evenings where we happily sat with the children at the stove, telling stories 10 times over. I had made two booklets for Marie and Heinrich. In the evening, if they were well behaved, I drew some simple images. Within a few minutes, they would recognize a story or event they had just heard or experienced that day, shouting out when they recognized the scene. My audience was most grateful. I didn't know then that this childish game was the germ and herald for a joyful work that would occupy me in later years.



Late in June 1835, Ludwig's wife, Auguste, became very ill with an abscess in her left hip. An abscess is caused by a bacterial infection that leads to the destruction of the surrounding tissue and forms a cavity full of yellow-greenish fluid called pus. A small abscess can resolve on its own. Large ones are treated with antibiotics and, if necessary, are cut open to allow the pus to drain out. When Auguste suffered from the abscess, it was more than a century before antibiotics were discovered and so the doctor treated her by cutting open the abscess.³³

³³ Numbing medicines which prevent pain upon incision didn't exist yet.

Auguste had been very healthy and now was tied to a long and painful sickbed. My concern was great. It was worsened by the dubious faces of the two skillful doctors caring for her. Albertine, the wife of my friend, the sculptor Ernst Rietschel, had recently died of the same illness. One frightful day I found my poor, sick Auguste with her eyes closed and unaware. She was completely motionless and remained that way throughout the night. The doctors said that a crisis seemed to have occurred and they commanded that there be absolute silence in the house. Therefore, our children were sent to the home of the late pastor's widow. I overheard people whispering, "It will probably be this way until the end." For more than 24 hours, she was motionless. I sat with her. In the apartment, everything was as still as death. My soul was near despair and I could only sigh silently to God and pray. I turned my eyes on hers as if asking whether they would be closed forever. But then, her eyelashes twitched and her eyes slowly opened. Looking at me kindly she took a deep breath and said, "Now I will be well again." I trembled with joyful surprise and astonishment.

The doctor, after he examined her, said, Thank God! It was decided for the best. She is saved and the recovery will now take place quickly." And so it was. Day by day my dearest Auguste became more comfortable, and in a week she was back in the living room with the children. I thanked God wholeheartedly who averted such a hard fate.



Before Auguste's illness, Ludwig had planned for a return to his beloved Italy with some friends. He had been commissioned to

paint a large image of the Italian countryside. This trip was abandoned when Auguste became ill. By September, she had recovered and encouraged Ludwig to go on a small trip while the weather was still nice. He decided to go to Teplice in Czechia, which is about 34 miles south of Dresden.

While going to the Ore Mountains near Teplice, I was surprised by the beauty of the places. It occurred to me, "Why go great distances to find beauty when it is in your own neighborhood?" I also visited Aussig (Usta nad Labem), where I drew multiple sketches of Schreckenstein (Strekov) Castle. Just after sunset I noticed a boat filled with people and animals cutting through the quiet river in which the gold sky was reflected. In it sat an old



Crossing at Schreckenstein by Ludwig Richter. On display at the Albertinum Museum in Dresden

harpist playing a song. I made some quick sketches. The first attempt was a hasty sketch with only a few figures. But the final painting turned out well and was purchased by Johann Gottlob von

Quandt for his collection. Crossing at Schreckenstein would become Ludwig Richter's most famous painting for its beauty, serenity, and symbolic meaning.



Back to Dresden: Joy and Heartbreak—Age 34–51



The last few years in Meissen had brought me so down physically that I believed it would lead to an early end. On December 24, 1835, the art school that employed me was closed and I lost my teaching job. In the spring of 1836 we moved back to Dresden. What was striking was that all the diseases that plagued me for years in Meissen went away.

Auguste, Ludwig, and their children—Marie, Heinrich, Aimee, and Helene—took up residence in a Dresden apartment. Their last child, Elizabeth, would arrive soon. Ernst Oehme and his family lived in the same building. The wives became good friends and the children played together. The artistic exchange between Ludwig and Ernst was mutually beneficial as they discussed their work and helped each other resolve artistic problems.





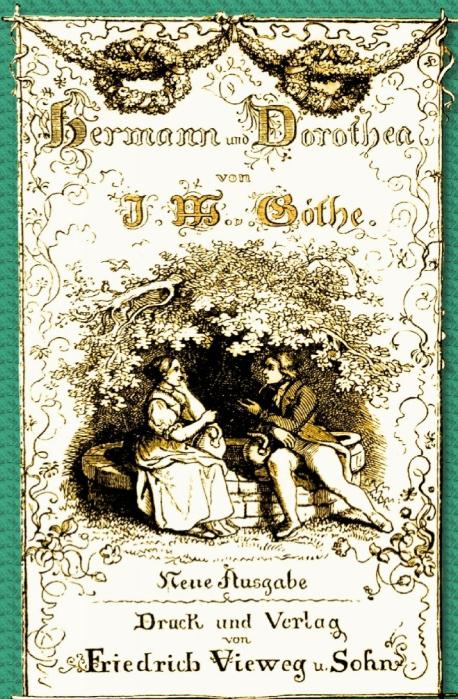
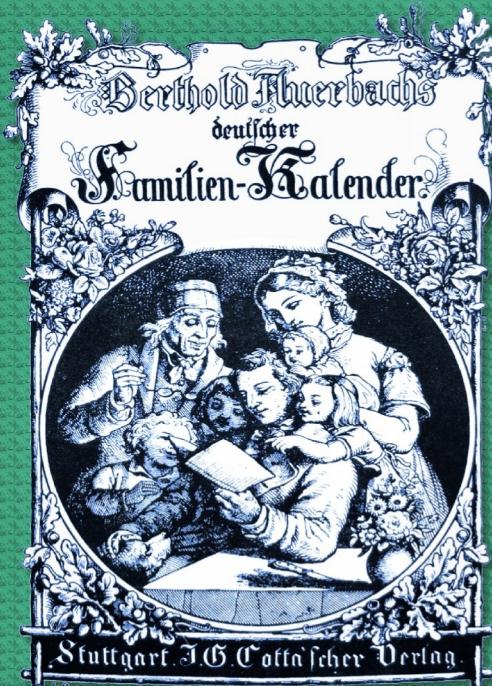
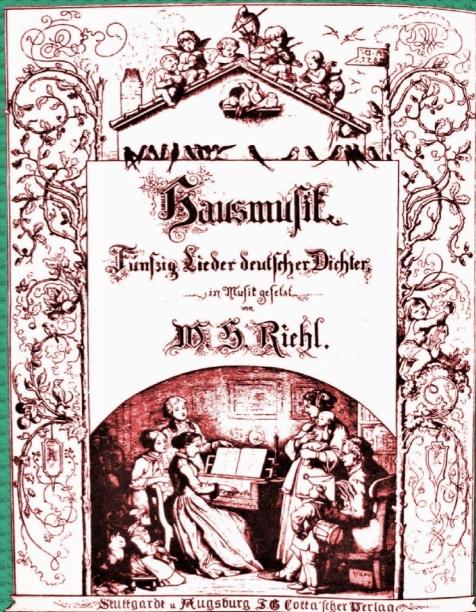
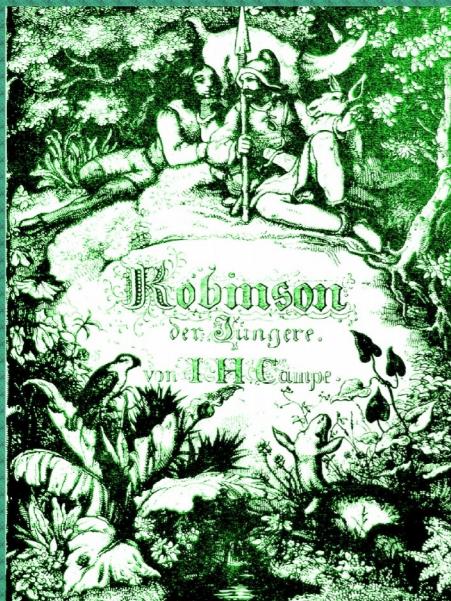
Julius Thaeter, engraver

Ludwig became close friends with Julius Thaeter, who would engrave what other artists drew so that the image could be printed. *Thaeter was honest, loyal, and warm. We found ourselves intimately related in artistic and religious beliefs. Because he lived nearby, our wives and children became friends as well.*³⁴

Ludwig also learned to carve his work onto wood so prints could be made. If a book required a picture for a space on the page that was two by three inches, he would carve out his drawing onto a woodblock so they would meet those measurements. There was no way to change the size of a print other than carving a new larger or smaller woodblock or engraving. For the rest of his career his lively and imaginative prints illustrated calendars, songbooks, children's books, novels, and other printed media. Some of the famous books he illustrated were *The Vicar of Wakefield* by Oliver Goldsmith, *Hermann and Dorothea* by Goethe, *German Folktales* by Johann Musaus, and *Robinson the Younger* by Joachim Campe.³⁵ He remarked that drawing illustrations for stories produced *the most heartfelt joy and pleasure. Often I was sorry when evening came and the pencil had to be put away.*

³⁴ Julius Theater looks like the man standing in the boat in Ludwig's *Crossing near Schreckenstein* painting.

³⁵ *Robinson the Younger* is in German and a variation on the classic book *Robinson Crusoe*. *The Vicar of Wakefield* can be found and read online.



Top: *Robinson the Younger*; *House Music* songbook. Bottom: *Calendar*; *Hermann and Dorothea* by Johann Goethe (Goethe).

1847—Marie Our Firstborn



Our garden was flourishing in the country house we had moved into a few years ago. Among the flowers we saw our firstborn, Marie, now 18 years old. She was not flourishing but rather was pale and suffering from an incurable breast disease. The doctor had told me and my wife that a cure for our dear Marie was not to be hoped for. Even now the image is

vividly before my mind as I see a slim, pale figure slowly walking up and down in the arbor glancing at me with inquiring eyes. At her feet swayed the laughing tulips and the garden wall was covered with red and white roses. It did not last long. Soon she could not leave her room, though she would gaze out the window. All of us were so afraid and the foreboding was heavy on our hearts.

One day Marie for the first time voiced the hitherto unspoken secret of her impending death. Shy and carelessly looking up at

me, she asked if all her errors and sins should be forgiven by God. I reminded her of the old Agnus Dei song "All sin you have worn, otherwise we would despair. Have mercy on us, O Jesus." And from the Holy Bible I reminded her of Jesus' words: "I am the resurrection and the life. Whoever believes in me will live, even though he dies." Marie and I quietly spoke some more. The words



LR*

from the Lord filled her soul with the most blissful joy. She spread out her arms and with tears said, "Oh, God! How happy I am! How happy I am! I will soon see my Savior!" Her eyes shone with a wonderful splendor that no longer seemed of this world. With astonishment and admiration I looked upon her. Her expression reminded me of when she was two years old sitting on my lap, completely happy.

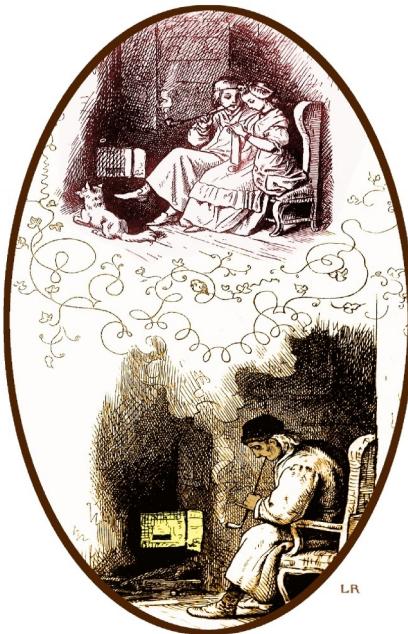
In April 1847 came the end of Marie's young life. During her last night an ever-increasing restlessness seized her. She wanted to leave, to be taken to another bed and then another room. She would ask and then implore us to do so. She threw herself back and forth and cried so touchingly and pleaded, "Help me, oh help me." We both, father and mother, sat there and could not help her. How long and difficult were those hours. Over and over she cried

for help and each time I prayed, “O Lord, the child is ready. Take her to you.” It might have been after midnight when she called again in dire need. “Oh, dear parents, I can’t take it anymore. Please help me.” Her mother pulled one of the pillows away so that Marie was more reclined. At once, the storming breathing was quieted and she lay as if sleeping. Silently we sat there. The breaths and heartbeats were getting slower and then there were no more. We knelt on the bed and accompanied Marie’s redeemed soul with tears and prayers to the hereafter.





Mother and daughter, side by side



In 1854, seven years after young Marie's death, Ludwig's wife, Auguste, at age 50, had an unexpected stroke. She died two hours later. For 27 years Auguste and Ludwig had shared their lives and raised their children.

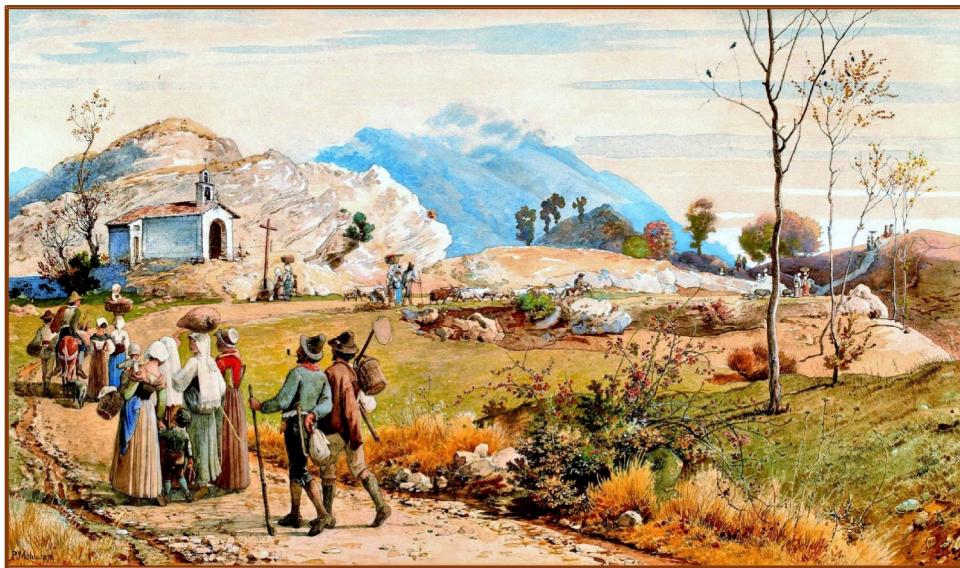
Ludwig lived another 30 years but never remarried.

The Autumn Years—Age 52–80



Bridal Procession in Spring by Ludwig Richter won a 1855 Paris Exposition Gold Medal.

Though heartbroken, Ludwig Richter did not lose his faith or desire to paint and draw. He continued his prodigious artistic output. His painting *Bridal Procession in Spring* won the Gold Medal at the Paris World Exposition of 1855. He continued to teach at the Dresden Art Academy. Some of his students went on to have successful artistic careers of their own, including Paul Mohn, who wrote a biography about Ludwig Richter. He continued his periodic travels for more inspiration and drawings. It is estimated that Ludwig produced over 3,000 works of art, and that 150 published books included his work. Just as important, Ludwig continued to keep in touch with cherished friends and make new ones, including painter Moritz von Schwind. Later in life his eyesight began failing, and in 1873 at age 70 he stopped painting. Instead, he worked on his autobiography with the help of his son, Heinrich.



Morning in the Roman Campagna by Ludwig's student Victor Paul Mohn

Ludwig received numerous accolades from fellow artists and dignitaries. But there was one heartfelt accolade that meant just as much.

On Sunday August 30, 1874, I had attended a deeply moving sermon on St Paul's exalted song of love written in the first letter to the Corinthians.³⁶ When I came out of the church a lady came up to me, took my hand, and said that she could not fail to shake the hands of the man whose art had given her and her family so much joy. Her sincere and honest expression touched me deeply.

³⁶ 1 Corinthians chapter 13: "and now abides faith, hope, and love, these three; but the greatest of these is love."

On June 19, 1884, after an eventful life, Ludwig Richter died.



And yet today, by reading this book, you have helped Ludwig's story and art live on.



“Many happy and hard times I lived in this house.”

The End

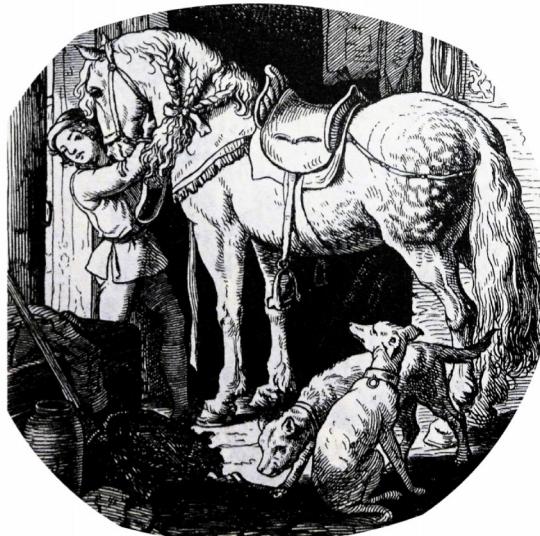
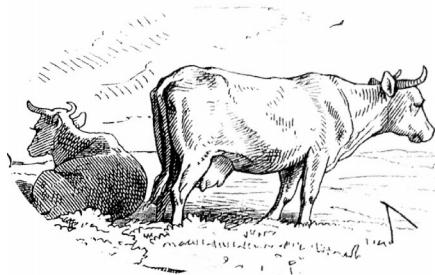
Appendix

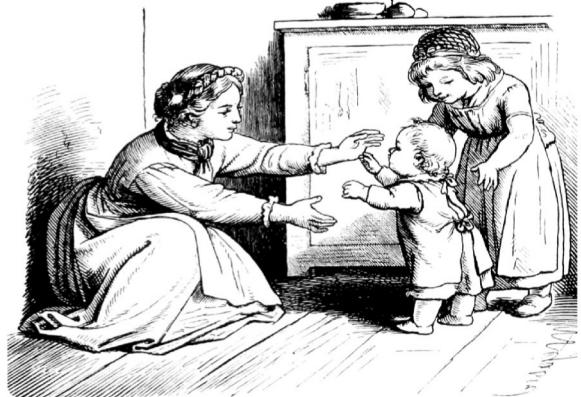
- I. More art by Ludwig Richter
- II. More art by Ludwig's friends and colleagues
- III. Writing, copyright, and prints



I. More Art by Ludwig Richter

Animals

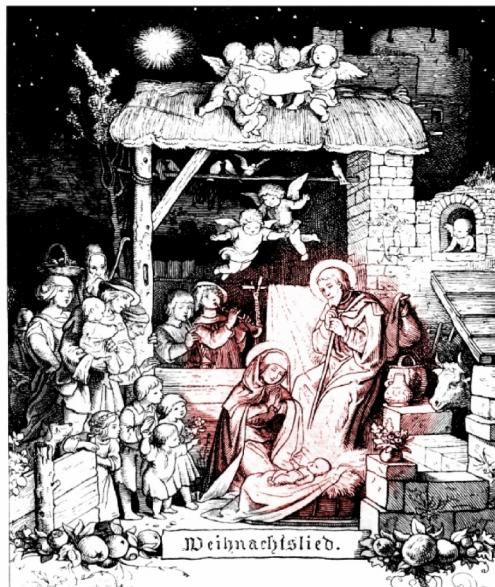




Babies



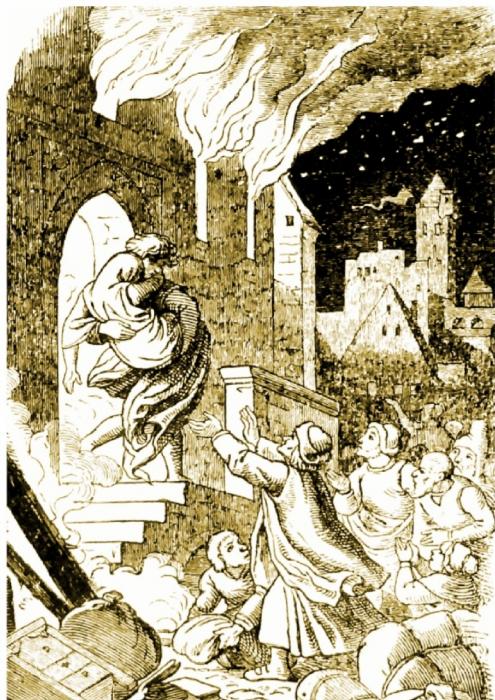
Children



Christmas

Crime



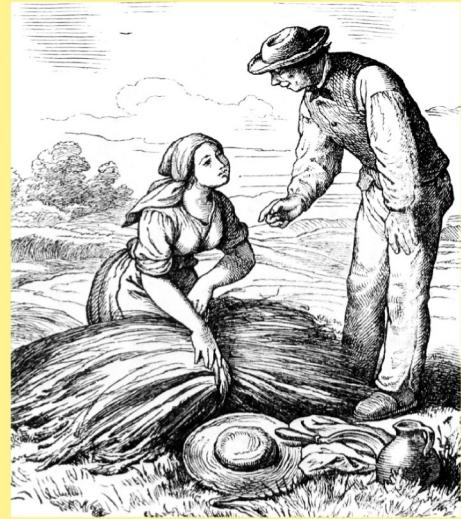


Disaster



F
A
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Farming





Humor





Kings





Knights



Maidens





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II. More art by Ludwig's friends and colleagues. Arranged in alphabetical order by first name.



When Ludwig was feeling down while living in Meissen, he would travel to visit friends in Dresden, including Adolf Zimmermann. Top: *Portrait of a Girl; Mother Johanna Christina Zimmermann in Moravian Widow Clothes*. Below: *Christ with Mary and Martha*.



Anton Graff



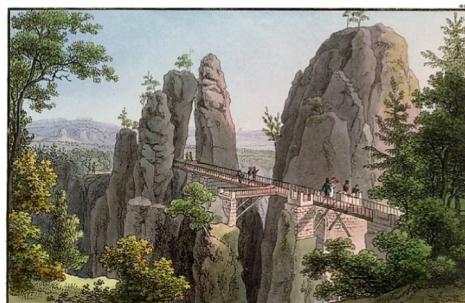
Anton Graff was friends with Ludwig's father and gave Ludwig painting lessons. Top: Anton Graff self-portrait (he painted at least five "selfies"); *Portrait of the Daughters of [Dresden General] Johann Julius Veith von Golssenau and his Wife*. Below: *Frederick the Great* (1700s Prussian king); *Portrait of "Tina" Countess Bruhl with a Guitar* (Christina von Bruhl was a landscape architect).



Bertel Thorvaldsen



Top: *Ganymede* (Troy prince). Below: *Duchess Wilhelmine*; *Psyche* (goddess). Bertel joined in the bimonthly artist gatherings in Rome and would laugh loud and long at Ernst Oehme's humorous impressions. When living in Rome, he went on an outing with other artists to the quarry of Cervara. There Ludwig's hand was stung by a scorpion. On the return trip, two of the compatriots were too drunk to walk and so were placed on a donkey, from which they kept falling off.



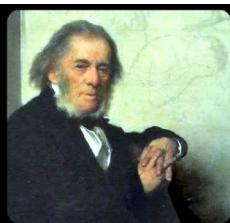
Carl August Richter

Carl Richter, Ludwig's father. Top: *Panorama from the Dome of Frauenkirche*. How do you think he was able to get such a unique view? Below: Bastei Bridge, which is about 30 miles southwest of Dresden and worth visiting.

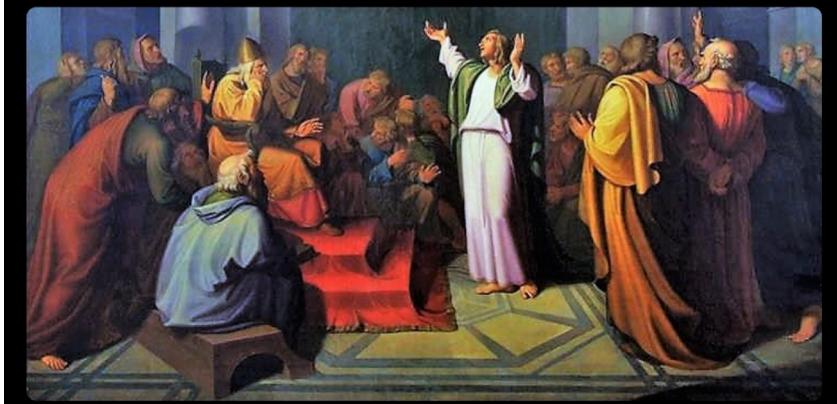


Carl Christian Sparmann

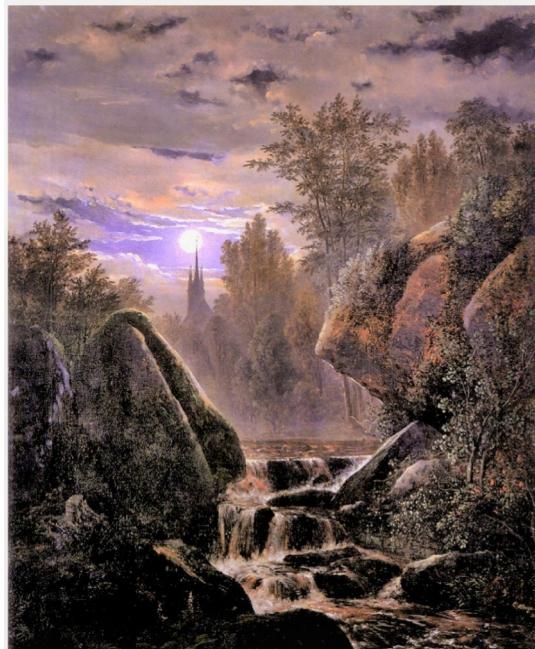
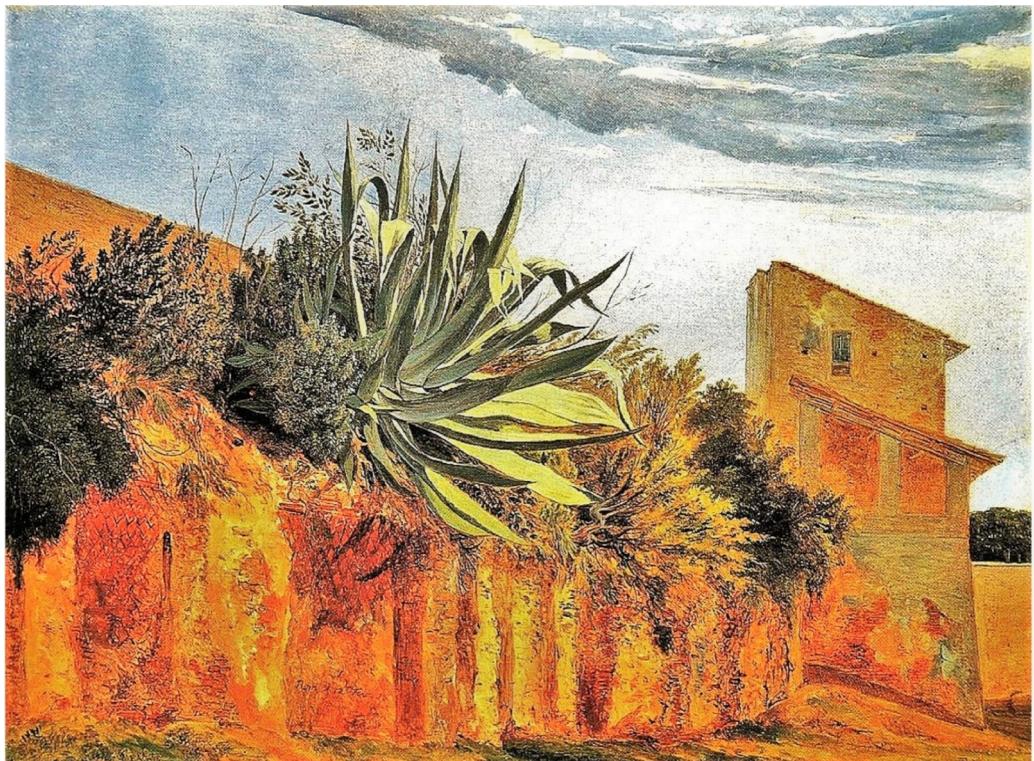
Ruined Castle at Twilight by Lake Constance; Forest Glade. Ludwig didn't get along with everyone. While in Rome he met 20-year-old Carl Sparmann, who wasn't interested in seeing the sights but rather spent most days playing dominos in a café. Ludwig encouraged Carl to go into the countryside but he didn't want to go alone, so Ludwig went with him. Ludwig wrote that Carl showed little interest in the scenery, complained about walking, and when Ludwig sat down to paint Lake Nemi, Carl laid down and slept. Ludwig wrote "Bored by this dullness, I went with him back to Rome." In spite of this, Carl Sparmann painted some good images.



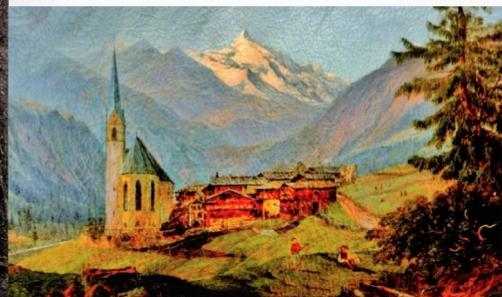
Carl Peschel



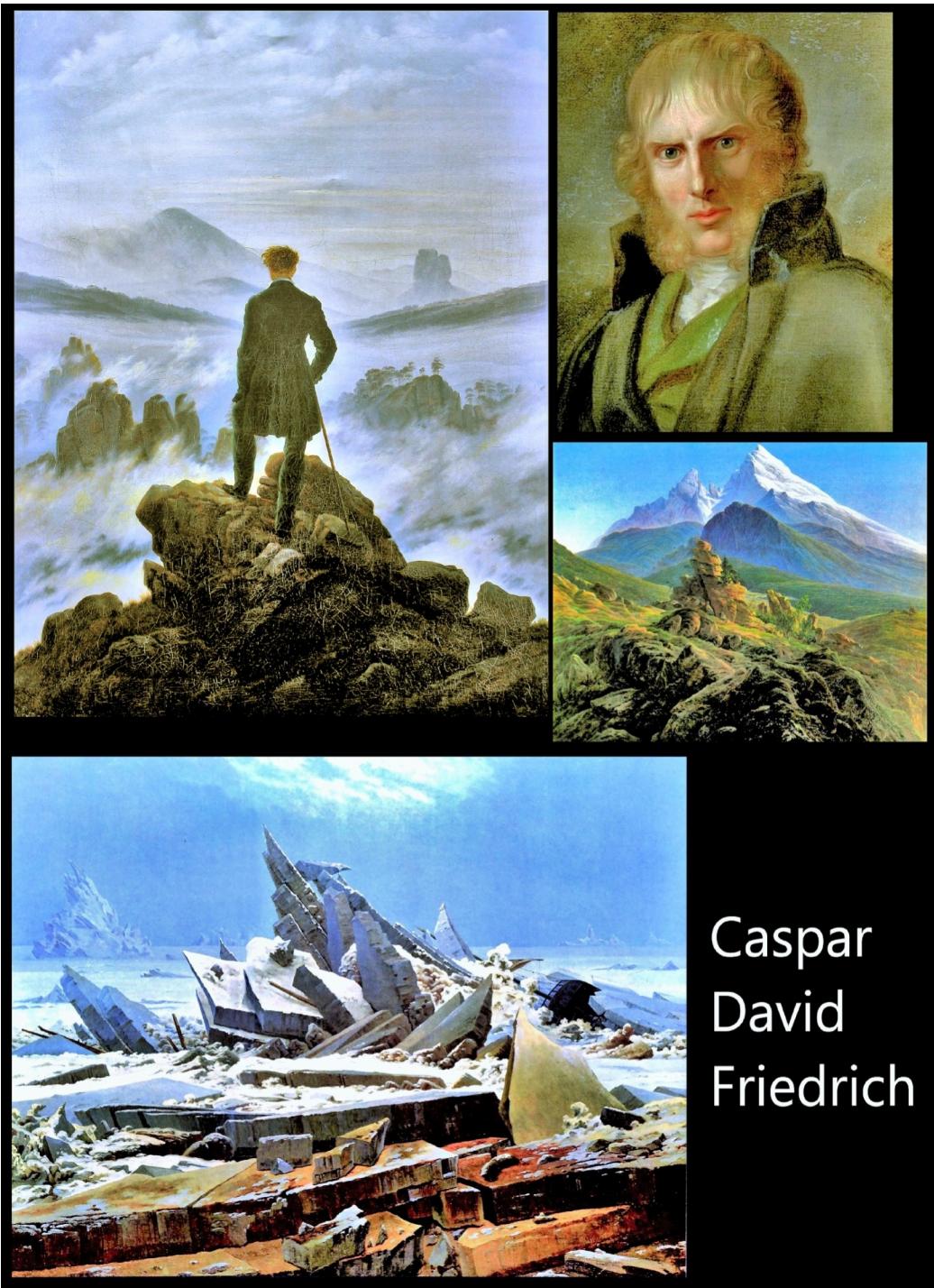
Carl Gottlieb Peschel. Top: A father trying to save his son from the Erlking; *Siblings*; portrait of Peschel done by Leon Pohle. Below: Depiction of the martyr Stephen before the chief priest. Ludwig met 27-year-old Carl Peschel in Rome. They lived opposite each other and Ludwig would hear Carl loudly singing made-up songs. They became lifelong friends.



Carl Wagner



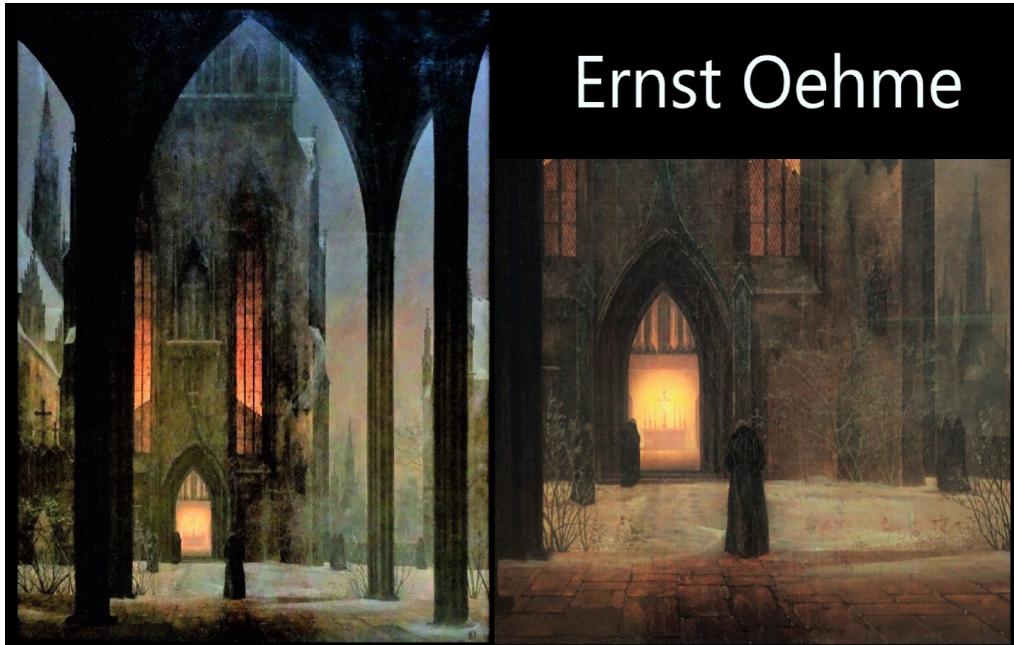
Top: *Around the Walls of Rome*. Below: *A Moonlight Night; Valley of Heiligenblut*. Born in 1796, Carl Wagner initially studied at the Royal Saxon Academy of Forestry before studying art. He was a private student of Carl Richter while Ludwig was a teenager.



Caspar
David
Friedrich

Top: *Wanderer Above the Sea of Fog*; Friedrich portrait by Gerhard von Kügelgen; *Watzmann* mountain painted around the same time Ludwig painted his *Watzmann*. Below: *The Sea of Ice*. It's not clear if Ludwig ever met Friedrich, but he wrote of his art, "Friedrich made an impression with his very original, poetic, and deeply melancholy landscape paintings."

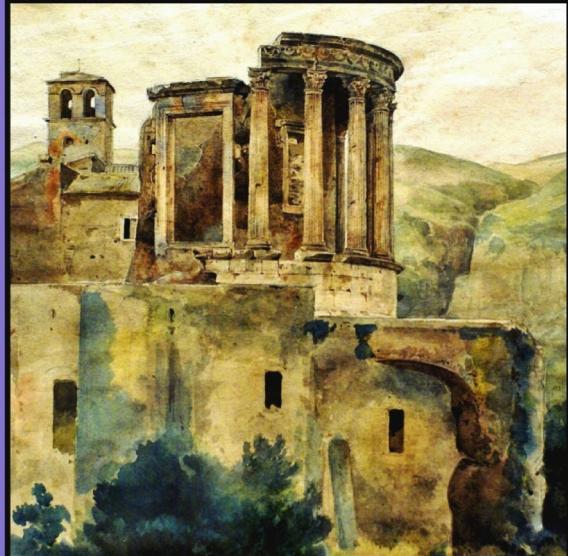
Ernst Oehme



Top: *Cathedral in Winter* and closeup. Below: *Procession in the Fog*. (Note: Author's reflection in photo—oops!) Ludwig wrote that if Ernst Oehme was having a problem with his painting, it would wake him up at night and distract him from listening to his wife, "much to her chagrin."



Ernst Fries



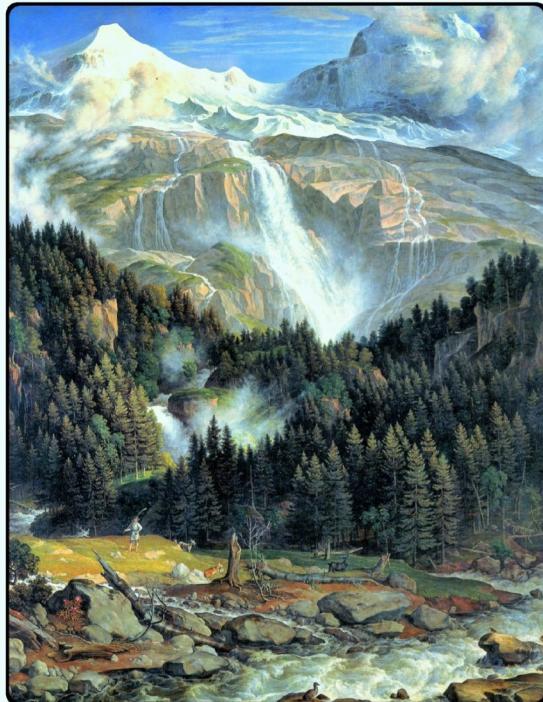
Top: self-portrait; *The Temple of Vesta at Tivoli*. Below: *Temple of Minerva Medici* (unfinished). While living in Rome, Ernst and Ludwig went swimming at Lake Albano, which is a crater lake. Ernst tried to swim across the lake and spent too much time in the sun, causing a severe sunburn on his back that prevented him from laying on it. Sadly, at age 32, Ernst Fries died after cutting his wrists during an illness that caused delirium. Delirium is temporary insanity, which can be caused by severe illness.



Johann Martin
von Rohden



Top: *The Grotto of Neptune in Tivoli*; Below: *Waterfall in Tivoli* and closeup. Ludwig wrote that von Rohden's lively and vibrant personality contrasted with the slow manner in which he painted. It took him 18 months to complete just one painting of the Tivoli waterfalls. (It may not be the one shown; he painted at least three.)



Joseph Anton Koch



Top: *Schmadribachfall*, referring to the waterfalls, and a closeup. Below: Scenes from Dante's Inferno at Casino Massimo. Koch was 35 years older than Ludwig and was a mentor, friend, and critic to him. Once Ludwig was frustrated by Koch's criticism of his painting and asked him to show what he meant. Koch took the paintbrush and altered Ludwig's painting, the result of which Ludwig did not like at all and later removed.



Julius Schnorr
von Carolsfeld



Top: *Flight into Egypt*, which depicts Mary, Joseph, and baby Jesus fleeing the slaughter of all infants and toddlers under two in Bethlehem; self-portrait. Below: *The Wedding at Cana*, which shows Jesus turning water into wine at a wedding feast. Julius brought a Dr. Hanel to Ludwig's studio, to whom Ludwig sold his first painting!

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Germania. Philipp was another painter who worked on the Casino Massimo, painting images from Dante's "Paradise" from the epic poem *The Divine Comedy*. In Rome, he lived in the same apartment building as Carl Wagner and Ludwig Richter, with whom he became good friends.

Writing and Copyright: This story is an accumulation of information obtained by research, travel, and Ludwig Richter's autobiography, entitled *Ludwig Richter: Lebenserinnerung eines deutschen Malers* (*Life Memories of a German Painter*). Ludwig Richter began writing his memoirs in 1869 at age 66. Using his German language book as a major source of information presented some challenges, noted below.

- Ludwig notes that some of his memories were “fragmented;” that is, incomplete or imperfect, as memories can become over time. On rare occasions this reflects in his writings, like when he doesn’t provide dates for important events.
- Some of the towns and places he mentions have different names today.
- Ludwig also refers to other artists by their last names only: Zingg, Oehme, Wagner, Koch, etc. While these artists may have been well known during his time, today they are not. It was an interesting challenge to figure out who he was referring to
- The main challenge for me was that Ludwig Richter’s autobiography is only available in German. I speak some German and read even less. Hiring a human translator was prohibitively expensive. Therefore, translation software was essential for this project. However, translation software still has a long way to go before it is as good as a human translator. For instance, the translated text kept referring to a judge who did this or said that and it didn’t make sense in the context of the story. I finally figured out that Ludwig Richter’s last name in German means “judge” and the translation software had been translating Richter’s name into the word “Judge.” (In German, nouns are always capitalized.) Once that was cleared up, the story made more sense. The software translated the German into oddly phrased and disordered sentences, which reflected German sentence structure. For example, here is the first

sentence of Ludwig's autobiography, translated from German by computer software I initially used: "*On September 28, 1803, I light this earth, namely in the Frederick town, a suburb of Dresden, which had not chosen the glitterati to their seats saw his childhood.*" I did at times keep some of the German sentence structure and word choices in place to indicate that Ludwig's narration was being told by a German speaker and not a native English speaker. In spite of the computer translation shortcomings, the translation was, for the most part, comprehensible. I am very grateful for the translation software and to those who developed it, without which there would have been no book. I'm also very grateful to all those people who contributed public domain images and information about the artists, places, and history mentioned in Ludwig's book.

I would like to thank my family for their support and my Papa for introducing me to Ludwig Richter and helping with some of the translations. Thanks also to those who have supported me and this work by purchasing this book.

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A note on copyright. The pictures in this book are all taken from art that is in the public domain. The rule in the U.S. is that if it has been 70 years since the artist died, their creation—painting, sculpture, photo, song, book, movie, etc.—is in the public domain and anyone can use it however he or she wants. Furthermore, a court ruling decided that if you make an exact copy of the public domain creation, like taking a photo of a painting, that photo is not copyright protected but also in the public domain. It too can be used in any way by anyone without crediting the photographer. You'll notice this practice in Wikipedia and Wikipedia Commons. A museum can't prohibit you from or charge you for using a photo of a public domain artwork they have on display.

Now if you make significant changes to the appearance of a copy of a public domain creation, that will give you copyright protection. For example, if you alter a photo of the *Mona Lisa* by turning her hair blond, adding a tie-dye dress, and showing her giving the peace sign, then you have the copyright to this altered image along with the public shame of having produced such a monstrosity. The text and most of the artwork in this book have been altered from their original form, as noted below, and are under copyright protection by the author. They cannot be reproduced unless permission is given by the author. However, if you use the book cover image or one or two sentences from the text for your review, I'm probably not going to object. The good news is that most paintings in this book can be found unaltered online as can Ludwig's German-language autobiography.

All of Ludwig Richter's works have the initials LR in them or his name in the caption, or it's obvious—like the donkey head illustration. Except for the paintings, all of Ludwig Richter's original illustrations are black and white prints. In this book, any coloring of those prints was added by the author, including the image of the grandmother telling children stories at the beginning of the book. Other alterations made by the author include: cropping, adjustments in light and/or color, addition of texture (like *The Eruption of Mount Vesuvius* by Hackert), extraction of subjects from images like removing one character from an image that had several, and cleaning up an image by removing scratches and dirt marks as was done extensively with Götzloff's *View of Naples*.

Finally, you can see more Ludwig Richter prints that have been colored by the author, like the one below, at:
<https://pixels.com/profiles/kells-chi-rho.html>.



I hope you enjoyed the book and I wish you well.

Auf Wiedersehen!

Goodbye